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THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

BEAUTIFUL as we look forward to them in the future are the messengers of God, the hours which come over the eastern hills with the hopes and promises, which they unfold as golden banners of victory and joy before us. The happy new year greets young and old with gladness. The old year has been dismissed with saddened hearts, and we turn from its dim receding forms to the glowing prospects before us.

We see decidedly the predominance of hope over fear, and often its triumph over experience, in the feelings with which we look forward as compared with those which arise when we look back. Few persons, when their feelings are most alive, can look back thoughtfully and call before them memories of the past without some degree of sadness. There may be a grateful and upon the whole a prevailing and joyful sense of the divine goodness. But there is sorrow for what we have lost, regret, and sometimes remorse, for what we have neglected to do or have done amiss. Old Dr. Johnson,

standing alone and bare-headed under the blazing sun of noon amid a crowd, to do penance for an act of disobedience and unkindness to his father just fifty years before, is an emblem of feelings with which every sensitive and ingenuous mind must at times look back upon the past. But in spite of all this, we look forward with hope and joy. They who are joyful now expect to be more joyful. They who have been unprosperous, hope for some favorable turn in their affairs. They who are weary hope for rest; and they who are uneasy, discontented and unhappy, they know not why, hope by some new turn of affairs to get beyond their *ennui* and discontent. This is the general, though not quite the universal feeling. The close of the year comes over us with something of a dirge-like character. Its last moments pass by as the few sad mourners that follow in a funeral procession. The very snows are but as a winding-sheet thrown over its dead form, and they who watch till its midnight hour, as is done in our Methodist churches, keep their solemn vigils with prayers and tears. But all at once we turn round. We look into the future and see before us the joyful messengers who come to greet us with tidings of peace and salvation. Bright their forms, glorious their garments, as they shine in the rising sun of a new year. We know not what they may bring. But our hopes transform them into messengers of glad tidings, who shall bring us some unknown and unimagined happiness. This is the spontaneous impulse and sentiment as we turn towards a new year.

Let us not belie the hope. Let us not turn the augury of good into evil. Let us so live that this prophecy of gladness, this great hope which God has implanted in the heart of man, shall be fulfilled in us. It is the presentiment of what He intended should be ours. It is the instinct of the soul reaching out towards a happiness which should fill out its wants. The heart leaps with gladness as it looks forward and sees these future hours radiant with their good tidings—laden with promises of peace and salvation to all who will receive them. They would emancipate us from our sorrows and our sins. Old griefs, disappointments, prejudices, jealousies, pas-

sions, fears, they would have us put aside for the better things which they come to announce. Or, where past trials still must follow us, they would transform them into fellow-workers with themselves and God, to purify our souls, till having worked out our deliverance, they join with us in the triumphal Psalm of life, and rising above the damp and unwholesome valleys they also show themselves beautiful upon the mountains whither they would draw us up, that in the purest and loftiest experiences of life we may behold them shining with a light brighter than the sun. When we have reached that point our very sorrows become radiant with joy.

Is this rejected as too fanciful to be true—as poetry rather than fact? But where do we find such uplifting strains of song as in the Scriptures when from the deepest spiritual intuitions they announce the most substantial of all verities. There is to be, in the inheritance of devout and faithful souls a joy, a splendor, a beauty which transcends all the powers even of poetry to picture before us. The joy of a ransomed soul, the beauty of a saint in his garments of immortality amid the company of the redeemed, the radiance of his joy and melting tenderness of his love transcend all powers of speech. And why shall not this be the consummation of our hopes, the end of our toils, the life that rises victorious over our dust when the years shall be with us no more?

But how shall we receive the hours, so that the beauty, with which they glow as they rise before us upon the mountains, we may still behold in them when their receding forms vanish in the past? How shall we make them as they come fulfill the anticipations with which we look forward to them, so that whatever of this world's gifts or losses they may bring, we shall experience no deep and wasting disappointment, but joy and peace when we look back upon them?

We are to receive them, as they are sent, from God, with promises from him which shall be fulfilled to us only through our fidelity to him. They will be to us what the prevailing disposition and temper of our minds shall make them to be.

If the prevailing habit of our minds is low, selfish, worldly, all their high promises will be blighted, and they will only make us more low, selfish and worldly. If the prevailing tone of our feelings is kind and generous and devout, they will make us more so. They pass away, but their influences survive ; as the summer showers pass, but the fruits survive.

The great means, then, of turning the year into gladness and beauty, of causing the hours to fulfil their promise, is to receive and use them in a religious spirit.

We are to do this in our pecuniary labors and transactions, carrying with us always a sense of moral rectitude and of religious responsibility. He who goes about his business with no other purpose than money-making, is dragged down by the lowness of his aim ; and the hours which come with good tidings of good, can, at best, only contribute to his earthly store. Their celestial beauty, as they come from God radiant with his smile, is lost ; their high and heavenly promises are dishonored ; their purest hopes are trampled in the dust, and the hours which came to him so pure and precious go from him soiled and worthless. But he, who while using them for the same immediate end, recognizes also their higher meaning, and connects them both in their origin and purpose with the thought of God, is making them contribute at the same time to the wants of body and soul. When he asks each day for his daily bread, he by the spirit of that prayer turns his bodily necessities into the means of sustaining a divine life. In his daily transactions, he sees and reverently observes a law of moral rectitude which connects him directly with God, and which throws its divine and awful sanctity around every act which he performs. His business becomes thus the school of a saintly virtue. The law of right, which is the law of God, becomes enthroned in his heart. Duty, faithfully performed even in the smallest things, blossoms in hope and ripens into joy. The week-day hours, not only as we view them in the future, but as they meet and serve us, will be holy and beautiful as the Sabbath hours that are spent in the sanctuary.

Our domestic duties and affections will, through the same

religious fidelity, answer to a still higher degree the same end, and make beautiful the hours as they shall come. How seldom do we realize our ideas of a Christian home? There are young and old, parents and children, in constant intercourse, with their labors, their amusements, their mutual confidence, affection, and aid, all leaning on one another, all looking up to a common Father, sanctifying their earthly union by kneeling at the same altar, cherishing the same hopes, and looking forward to that home where the deepest wants and yearnings of their hearts shall be met, where the coldness that now sometimes intervenes shall be melted away, where the misunderstandings that now grow out of our imperfect physical organization shall disappear, and where all tears shall be wiped away from all eyes. Here is our ideal of a Christian home. It is not free from earthly vicissitudes, or the imperfections and weaknesses which grow out of our mortal condition. There children are born into life. There the first opening affections are taught to rise from an earthly to a heavenly Father, that all which is most beautiful and endearing to the child may connect him with God, and be a perpetual bond of love and duty between him and his maker. There are the first breathings of a mother's heart burdened with tenderness for her child, and calling down God's sheltering mercies to guard its helplessness. There the thoughtless minds of the young, their turbulent and impetuous spirits, their unfledged aspirations, their unformed characters and virtues, are to be nurtured for the contests of the world, and filled out with the hopes of heaven. There the most sacred tie that can connect one human being to another is formed. There all the delicate relations growing out of it spring up,—the hopes, the affections, the joys, the disappointments, the trials of temper and character, the mutual disinterestedness and confidence, the watchfulness lest even the smallest beginnings should give present pain and lead to unhappy results, the cementing influence of hearts, not only pledged to one another through their earthly affections, but bound still more closely by common prayers and a common faith.

There, too, in an earthly home, are all the most important changes. There the hours come clothed in their most beautiful hopes and affections, there they come with their heaviest tidings, and perform the saddest offices which God's agents ever perform on earth. One perhaps of the family circle is unfaithful to his trust, and his unfaithfulness strikes, like a knife, through the hearts of all. One is weak, and becomes an object of anxiety to all the rest. One is peculiarly liable to depression of spirit, another to violence of temper; and all the rest must be on their guard to cure or at least not to aggravate the infirmity. There are differences of taste, and so the need of mutual forbearance. Sickness calls for offices of peculiar delicacy and devotedness, and makes all feel with tenfold power their absolute and entire dependence. There they gather round the dying bed, and see how peacefully a soul religiously trained in a Christian home can pass on from its earthly toils to its heavenly crown.

So again in our social relations, through which a neighborhood may become in fact only a more extended family, all the members of which perform for each other, to some extent, the same offices of kindness which they experience in their own homes. In our reverses and sicknesses, in loneliness and sorrow, how beautiful are the feet of those who come with words of tenderness, with sympathizing hearts and hands, ready to do what they can for our relief. These are what take away the hard and selfish aspects of life and bring us near to one another. And none in our heaviest reverses and trials can do so much to cheer and comfort us as they who come with a sympathy made cheerful through the living power of a religious faith.

Thus religion must run through all our lives, or the future will fail to fulfill the joyous anticipation which it excites. It is so even in our secular and worldly pursuits. But most of all must it be so in our professedly religious services. The church should be the home of our purest and best affections. It should strengthen our faith and quicken our devotions.

They who are united in the same Christian society should feel the sacred purposes for which they are united. If the business of the world, if the rivalships of society awaken jealousies and fan the flames of unkindness, here at least, where conscious of our sins we ask to be forgiven as we are ready to forgive — here at least we are to cherish no feelings but those of brotherly kindness. Here let the fervor and sincerity of our religious devotions melt away all feelings of ill-will, of jealousy and suspicion ; and bind us together in a common worship.

By the sincerity of their devotions, by the purity and disinterestedness of their lives, by the strength of Christian faith which triumphs over the temptations of the world and sustains them in life and death, should the disciples of Jesus show that they indeed belong to a branch of the living and true Church.

The year lies before us. Few things are distinct. But all is in God's keeping, and must bring good tidings of good to us, if we only are faithful to him. May it be to all our readers a happy year. May they be blessed in their labors and their business, in their homes and their kindred, in their neighbors and their friends, and in all that is nearest to their hearts. But most of all may they be blessed in that which will sanctify and bless all the rest—in the happiness of faithful and devout hearts, of pure and heavenly affections, of a serene and holy trust.

We have sometimes at sunset looked towards the east till the whole scene before us had become indistinct, and a leaden dimness rested on the very clouds and sky. But as we turned towards the west there were clouds glowing with the sevenfold radiance of the sun, and the sky spreading out from the softest tints of an ethereal beauty to a glory too bright for the eyes to dwell upon. Such is the change from the past to the future, from the year that is gone to that which shall come. May the joy and gladness that open before us be something more than the momentary splendor of a setting sun — rather let it be the rising on our souls of a

sun that shall never set—the dawning of a hope which shall lead us on beyond the western hills—beyond the mountain peaks on which God's holy messengers now stand, to the throne of God, and the presence of an unspeakable and everlasting joy.

ROMANS XIII. 11-13.

"THIS Epistle was written at Corinth, which, both as a seat of local government, and because of its critical position on a strait between two seas, must have been garrisoned by a strong military force. The image which always rises before my mind when I read the passage is this: I fancy St. Paul—after a day spent in hard work, partly in tent-making and partly in preaching and in visitation among his converts—writing far through the night to the Christians in Rome, and just at daybreak, when the sentinels are changing guard, and the morning light glances on their armor,—while at the same time the last sounds of debauched revelers in the street fall upon their ears,—expressing himself in the now familiar words, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on *the armor of light*; let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness.'"

INVOCATION.

FATHER, thy love!
Give, that I may impart
Its blessed store!
When most it fills my heart,
Then most I long for more.

The Fountain thou,—
My little urn I bring,
And pray thee still
From thine o'erflowing spring
Its emptiness to fill.

Father, thy light !
Send down a heavenly ray,
That I may see
With clearer sight the way
That leads, my God, to thee ;
That I may know
What talents thou hast lent,
What duties given,
Nor idly rest content,
Nor waste the gifts of Heaven.

Father, thy strength !
Strength to uphold the weak,
To right the wrong ;
The fitting word to speak,
In Christian meekness strong :
Strong in thy power
Life's hourly calls to meet,
Life's battles fight ;
And still with onward feet
Ever pursue the right.

Father, thy peace !
The peace from victory won
O'er self and sin,
That still from duty done
New store shall gather in.
The peace of God,
Offspring of toil and faith,
And holy love :
Descend on me with heavenly breath,
O thou anointing Dove !

M.

REVIEW OF DR. SEARS' REPLY.

BY N. S. FOLSON.

WITH the present article I close the discussion on my part with Dr. Sears on "The Word made Flesh." I shall have done what I could for what I earnestly believe the truth.

In commencing his reply, Dr. Sears remarks, "I supposed when my article was printed the reader would readily see I had not done with the subject. If my critic had read the two articles which followed before he wrote his, I presume he would have seen that much of his criticism was not *ad rem*, and did not hit me at all." I cannot admit the supposition to be a reasonable one. There was no promise of a continuation nor hint of it. And it is not the manner of Dr. Sears to leave incomplete any branch of a subject discussed by him, or to exhibit *disjecta membra* requiring the genius of a Cuvier to tell their design and of what created thing they formed a part. But even had I read the two articles which followed the article in the July number,—one simultaneously with my own in October, and the other accompanying his "Reply" in the November number,—I think I should only have been induced to try to put my arguments more forcibly, and meet some of his positions from which he thinks I "prudently" kept aloof; but essentially to modify no more than two statements, as follows: first, the defect of not including, in the sketch of the human nature of Jesus, his sinlessness, and, secondly, the extravagant imputation of idolatry to the Christianity of persons who exalt Jesus Christ to joint homage with the Father while at the same time they place him in the rank of a created being. The sinlessness of Jesus Dr. Sears has explicitly recognized in his second article; and the grand chapter in the November number on "Converging Lines" shows that he heartily distinguishes between a system of belief which he deems erroneous and the character of those who may have adopted it.

In respect to the question, "Hast thou seen Abraham?" Dr. Sears says that "no reason appears why pre-existence, as the Jews had understood it, should not have been directly denied." Not to press the point that there is no evidence of their having so "understood it," I ask, Did they not often put their cavilling inquiries, and Jesus ignore them? Had he not done so twice before in this very conversation (verses 22, 23; 53, 54), and quietly proceeded in his talk with no immediate reference, if any at all, to their cavils? He treated in this same way their impertinent question, "Hast thou seen Abraham?" except that he gave new point to the fact of his Messiahship, all along insisted on, by declaring the divine appointment of himself to it before their ancestor, Abraham, and before the Jewish nation in him was, so to speak, even thought of. But is it not a "reason why pre-existence, unless it were true, should not have been directly denied," that the questioners were a set of men become insanely mad with Jesus, especially after he had charged them with being liars, and children of their father, the Devil, who was both liar and murderer? Is it not another reason that the question was put with an angry sneer, or derisive laughter, to one not destitute of self-respect?

To account for the rage of the Jews is, I had supposed, the real exigency of the passage. On the supposition that they sincerely understood Jesus to declare his own personal pre-existence in another world before Abraham was born in this, their anger would have subsided. They might have replied, "Well, for all that, our father, Abraham, may have pre-existed before you in that other world." Or probably they would have let him go as one possessed with a demon, which they had pronounced him to be. But understanding him to declare a superiority to Abraham; in short, to answer their previous inquiry in the affirmative, "Art thou greater than our father Abraham?" (verse 53),—in asking which they seemed, like a tiger on the spring, all ready to destroy the presumptuous man should he dare reply affirmatively,—they at once yielded to their murderous propensity, and took up stones to stone him to death on the spot.

Dr. Sears connects with this exigency two or three things readily answered and disposed of: (1) That with the rendering, *I am he*, "no reason appears why *eimi*, I am, should be put in antithesis with *genesthai*" (came into existence). Certainly if Jesus meant to say, *Before Abraham existed, I existed*, the two verbs would have been the same. (2) It is urged, secondly, there is "no reason why the present tense should be used as expressing continuous existence instead of the past as a thing accomplished." The verb *eimi* does not always mean *to exist*, any more than the verb *to be* in English; but the present tense does here express *continuous state, as Messiah.** The objection, however, lies as strongly against the mode of speech in Jer. i. 5, "Before thou wast born I know thee," and is therefore of no weight at all.

(3) A third objection is, that "no reason appears for the charge of blasphemy." I reiterate, *no charge of blasphemy at all* was made in connection with the conversation recorded in chapter eighth. It appears for the first time in John's Gospel (x. 33-36) *not until two months afterward*, and never again! It is found in Matthew and Mark in their account of the trial of Jesus before the Sanhedrim; and all three of the Synoptics speak of the Jews *thinking in their hearts* that he blasphemed when he declared the paralytic's sins forgiven. These are all the instances to be found in the four Gospels.

It is no inconsiderable error in Dr. Sears (from oversight, I suppose), to represent me as saying, "There is no charge of blasphemy connected with them (the words in viii. 58) at all, but only [with] Sabbath-breaking." My printed words read, "That charge was put on the ground that he set aside the Sabbath, and by calling himself Son of God virtually made himself God." I connected with it the setting aside of the Sabbath, because Jesus, six months afterward, plainly alluded (vii. 23) to his healing the impotent man on the Sabbath as the occasion of the anger they still cherished towards him; and it was probably uppermost in his mind when he asked for which one among the "many good works," he had done,

* See farther, on page 15.

they were about to stone him (x. 32). Their charges were mere pretexts. Like other bad men, they fabricated these to cover a deeper reason for putting an immediate end to his career—which was that he exposed their shams, exposed their formal, hypocritical regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath day, and subverted their selfish influence over the people. With these facts, I refer the words of my friend back from myself to him: “He will see if he reads again that he is greatly mistaken.”

(4) One other objection is made, that “the sensitive grammarians of the school of Hillel would have been much more likely to stone Jesus for uttering platitudes in violation of the laws of grammar.” Are then the words of Jesus, in the record, always conformed to grammatical rules? Let any one open Winer and read page after page of examples of “interrupted, broken, heterogeneous, defective structure,” and of “abnormal relation of individual words.” And was it a *platitude* for Jesus to say, Before the origin of Abraham, IT IS I that was appointed in the divine counsels to be the Christ? It is *I, JESUS OF NAZARETH, I AND NO ONE ELSE?* Then did Jesus utter platitudes twice previously (verses 24, 28) in the same conversation, and half a dozen times more in the same Gospel. Then is it a *platitude* to assert to-day, It is Jesus of Nazareth that was pre-ordained to be the Christ for mankind. I will not admit, moreover, that it is a violation of good usage to say, *It is I that was pre-ordained to be the Christ*, any more than to say, “It is I that did it,” or any more than for Virgil to have written, “Adsum qui feci” (I am present, that did it). Surely my friend was not in earnest when he thus objected.

As to the point that “the question returns just the same, Who is *he*?” I should refer any such questioner back to verses 24, 28, where are exactly the same grounds for the question; and it seems mere trifling or captiousness to raise it in either place. Nobody could there ask, “Who is he?” with any consistency except in the spirit of the cavilling Jews who said, “Is not this the carpenter’s son? Of course, as to “begging the question,” I must protest that I am guilt-

less. It is not one worth begging. The only proper answer to it if put in the form, Who is meant by "he"? is, that "he" means THE CHRIST, and I again refer to Matt. xxiv. 5, parallel to Luke xxi. 8, to show that the two phrases, "I am the Christ," and "I am he," are synonymous. If the questioner still asks, "But who is the Christ?" I reply that JESUS OF NAZARETH is the Christ. If he adds, But I mean what is his *nature*, what sort of a being is he? I reply that the *passage does not touch that question*. Moreover, I have not affirmed, nor hinted, nor do I believe, that the claims of Jesus were "only of a man sent as the prophets."

Dr. Sears has not a word of reply to the decisive point of *usage* in respect to the phrase *ego eimi*, I am he, except to put against me the opinion of "the majority of the best scholars," conspicuous among whom is "Bishop Bloomfield," who "refers to the 'unanswerable refutation' of it given by four eminent scholars." I respect the results of faithful, scholarly labor as much as any man does. But the question before us is not to be decided by an appeal to the opinion of any scholar, however eminent, or of the majority of scholars. It is a question of *usage*, and we have before us the original sources from which that usage is derived. Now I say, going to those original sources, we find that our critical authorities, who have maintained the declaration of personal pre-existence on the part of Jesus Christ before the birth of Abraham, all break down and fail us. To use a favorite phrase of Prof. Stuart's, borrowed by him from the Germans, in respect to commentators, "They send us to April." Winer, the best of all the New Testament grammarians, classes (p. 267) John viii. 58 with John xv. 27, Jer. i. 5, 2 Peter iii. 4, 1 John iii. 8, Ps. xc. 2 (Eng. Vers., but lxxxix. 2, Greek). And for what object? To show that the present tense includes also a past tense when the verb expresses a state in its duration.* But this obviously does not touch the question of pre-existence; for of course I may render, and still maintain my interpreta-

* In the notes to the "Translation of the Four Gospels," I put the case less favorably to my interpretation, so far as Winer's authority is concerned, than their words actually warrant and demand.

tion,— Before the origin of Abraham, *I have been, am now, and ever shall be he* (i.e., the Christ)! The question still remains, What authority is there for rendering *ego eimi*, I exist (or, have existed)? Winer only says (p. 423), "The predicate is involved in *einai* when it means *to exist*," and he refers to John viii. 58, without assigning any reason at all, or giving any other similar clause. We have only his mere assertion. There have been quoted, however, a few texts from the Greek version of the Old Testament, in support of the affirmation of pre-existence, viz., Isa. xlvi. 8, Zeph. ii. 15, Ps. xc. 2. The last, referred to above by Winer, but for another purpose, is apparently the strongest, but in reality is a great confirmation of the rendering, *I am he*, as I showed in my former article.

I therefore ask Dr. Sears what *right* has he or anybody else to take a phrase found nineteen times in the whole New Testament, and a few times more in the Greek version of the Old Testament, and give it a meaning in this one place in John viii. 58 totally different from what he will not deny that it has in all the rest of the New Testament? I repeat that it is "arbitrary" to do so—by which I mean it is without the legitimate authority of that general usage, or any usage at all, of which the Roman lyric poet has said, "*Usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*" If you cannot make sense by rendering as every authority whatever does in all the *ten* other places in John, including viii. 24, 28, and in all the others throughout the New Testament, and as even all the instances hitherto found in the Old Testament demand, then you must let the passage stay without meaning.

It is a satisfaction to be able, through the kindness of an eminent critical scholar and friend, who wrote me soon after the publication of my article in the October number of the Magazine, to quote very high authority in support of my translation. "I have lately received," he says, "a copy of the revised Dutch translation of the New Testament published in 1868 by the authority of the 'General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church,' and it may please you to know that

although the revisers, including many of the most eminent scholars in Holland, appear to be believers in the pre-existence of Christ, they agree substantially with you in the translation and explanation of John viii. 58. Their rendering [my friend quotes from the original, which he also translates] is, "Before Abraham was, I am he," and their note is as follows: "That is, I am he, namely, he whose day was beheld by Abraham (verse 56),—the Christ. Jesus was this [i.e., the Christ] already before Abraham, inasmuch as he in his pre-existent state was ordained by God to take that office [lit. thereto], and might thus call the day to which Abraham had looked forward *his* day. Comp. on 24, 28, xiii. 19. Others, I am—that is, I exist."

On John xvii. 5, the same revisers have also the following note: "The glory which I had with Thee, i.e., the Messianic glory, destined for me by Thee before my coming upon the earth (comp. viii. 58, and the note on that passage). Others think of the heavenly glory, which he already actually possessed in his pre-existent state (comp. i. 1)."

If authority must be summoned, I put the scholars of Holland against Bishop Bloomfield, the recommendation of whom as a critic I think Dr. Sears has put higher than Prof. Stuart's words warrant,—which are, that, "as a convenient manual for the study of the New Testament, furnishing the student with much important information and many useful hints, I can commend it. But it is not to be understood that I pledge myself to all the results of Dr. Bloomfield's exegetical studies." Those who have known the professor know very well that he could say all this, and think Dr. Bloomfield no very great philologist and interpreter,—which I suppose to be the opinion of scholars generally. But what I care more to say is, that almost a score of years ago Dr. Bloomfield quietly dropped the sarcasm quoted by Dr. Sears about "Socinian far-fetched frigidity," and in the English editions of his work since the American reprint it is not to be found. I, too, will drop the word "arbitrary" when Dr. Sears or anybody else shall give one genuine example beyond the solitary assumed one of John viii. 58 for rendering *ego eimi*, I exist.

There are other mistakes in the "Reply" besides that in respect to the charge of blasphemy which are of minor importance, but which affect his estimate of points in my criticism. I never had heard that Charles Wesley "is thought to have asserted a pre-existence like that of Christ;" but I quoted the stanza from his poem to show that the words of Jesus, which Dr. Sears considers exceptional, may fitly be adopted by any disciple having the exercise of the filial spirit on his departure from this world, or even on contemplating that departure as a future event.

Nor can I find in Dr. Sears' articles my citations from the Gospels, except in his "Reply," or that he put them in as the golden key of interpretation. But I do find that he in so many words calls the Proem of John the golden key; that the doctrine of the Logos, in the sense that Jesus Christ was personally the Logos, and the Logos Supreme God, is the golden key of interpretation by which to avoid the idolatry of exalting any created being to the honors ascribed in the New Testament to the Son of God. Moreover, in saying that "the mere man Jesus Christ never says these things of himself, but that he says them as the divine Logos," what right has he or any one else to interpolate "the mere man"? What authority, or what need, to say anything more than that *Jesus Christ* never speaks from his mere self the things which some construe into egoism?

In my first article I confined myself to the Four Gospels from no *prudential* motives, except that I was afraid I should occupy too much space, and because I deemed the authority of the Gospels decisive. I will now present as briefly and clearly as I can my views of the other passages quoted particularly in the "Reply."

I recognize in the writer of the Apocalypse the author also of the Fourth Gospel; which differ from each other no more than Mr. Emerson's "Sphinx" from his latest lectures, or than Southey's "Curse of Kehama" from his "Life of John Wesley." He speaks out of a mind full of images from the prophets, especially Ezekiel, as Milton in his "Paradise Lost"

out of a mind full of images from the classics. His doctrinal views in respect to God and Christ are as discernible as those of the author of "Paradise Lost;" only the forms in which they are given, symbolical as they are indeed of great realities, and doubtless significant in their minutest points, but clothed in the costume of oriental hyperbole, must not be pressed too hard one way or the other, nor the metaphors be chased on all fours into the ground.

The subject matter of the book is entitled, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ which *God gave to him*" (i. 1). God is called "*his Father*" (i. 6, xiv. 1), and Christ again and again says, "My God," "My Father" (ii. 27, iii. 5, 21), as the twenty-four elders also say, "our God" (iv. 11, in text of Lachmann and Tischendorf). There are titles given exclusively to God, and never to Christ, such as "the Lord God," "the Almighty," "the Lord God Almighty" (i. 8 [in the best MSS. it is "the Lord God"], iv. 8, xi. 17, xv. 3, xvi. 7, 14, xix. 6, 15, xxi. 22), "the Creator of all things" (iv. 11), "Him who is, and was, and is to come" (i. 4, 8, iv. 8, xi. 17, xvi. 5), "the Alpha and the Omega" (i. 8 [the best MSS. omit this title in i. 11], xxi. 6, xxii. 13). It is God alone who is represented as "sitting on the throne," "the great white throne" amid blazing splendors as of jasper and sardius (iv. 2, 3, xx. 11). The title "Alpha and Omega" has been claimed in two places for Christ (i. 8, xxii. 13). But, in the first, Prof. Stuart concedes that the speaker is God, and not Christ, and that the words are "a confirmation on the part of God himself of what the Apocalyptic had been saying" (compare also Heb. i. 10-12 for an application of this same mode of interpretation in a passage claimed by Dr. Sears as proof that Christ is God). I think that xxii. 13 is precisely of the same character with i. 8. It is introduced (xxii. 12) by a declaration found also in Isa. xl. 10, lxii. 11, in respect to the coming of God. Even conceding this title to be in one text given to Christ, his own remark, in Jo. x. 34, 35, explains and defends the usage. And if in xxii. 1, 3, "the throne of God and the Lamb" seems to make Christ in the mind of the writer equal to God, it is to be observed that the scene is changed

to "the holy city, Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God," and that it is also said, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame and am set with my Father on his throne." To sit on the throne with Jesus, says Prof. Stuart, "is to reign with him" (i. 6 compare with iii. 21), but surely *equality* is not intended. "The throne of God and the Lamb" seems to point to the same thing as that spoken of by Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 25. It describes the *Messianic* period. It is called the throne of God and the Lamb because God "put all things under his feet." But, as the apostle reasons, it is manifest that "he who put all things under him is excepted." And when this great Messianic period in which we live, and in the course of which heaven and earth will become one, shall be completed, "then shall the Son himself become subject to him who put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

With these facts and explanations, especially with most of these distinguishing and differential appellations given to God and Christ in the *introduction* of the book, how can the Apocalyptic be rationally supposed to ascribe homage jointly and *equally* to God and Christ? When the angel said, "Worship God," his previous distinguishing terms and the whole drift of the book show that he meant the supreme worship given to the Father, the only God.

Turning to the writings of Paul, I observe first that in Phil. ii. 10, 11, the apostle says not with Dr. Sears and our English version, "Bow at the name of Jesus," but *in* the name of Jesus, as every critic of eminence justly renders it, and finds in the passage authority for supreme homage to God alone.

The words in Coloss. i. 15-20, particularly the declaration, "All things have been created [or founded] through him, and unto [or in respect to] him, and he is before all things, and in him the whole stand together,"—also Heb. i. 2, "by whom he constituted the ages,"—are not to be interpreted to the letter, in disregard of thoughts on the same subject elsewhere expressed by the writers, or of their general mode of think-

ing. Christ is before all things in the same sense with "the grace that was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9, — literally, "before eternal times," i.e., before the times marking out the ages; before the periods or dispensations called primeval, patriarchal, &c.). All things stand together in him, as he is the key-stone of the arch. He was the idea in the divine mind before one stone in the arch spanning the ages was set, the key-stone without which there could be no arch. God constituted the ages through him, as Christ and his work were included in them, and designed to be the complement of the circle. The whole divine plan for mankind, for all the successive developments of humanity, under the same God who works all things in all, would be formless and void without Christ. In this interpretation I am sustained by examples given in Winer (p. 381), where *dia* with the genitive case expresses the *occasion* (Rom. vii. 4, 1 Cor. i. 21, 2 Cor. ix. 13). The idea in Colossians and Hebrews is not adequately expressed by rendering this preposition either "on account of," "owing to," or "in respect to," but "*through*," as it is Christ who is made to hold all things together, and even through whose personal instrumentality the last and most glorious of the ages is introduced, runs its course, and is consummated when all are made one with God.

To the views of Christ presented in the present paper, and in my former articles, I have come by following the principles of interpretation first taught me by Prof. Stuart. They are also those maintained by Dr. Channing in his sermon delivered at the ordination of Rev. J. Sparks, in Baltimore, of which Prof. Stuart, with some "dissent" from Dr. Channing as to "the rank and value of the Old Testament" and "the proper office of the reason in interpreting Scripture," says, "They are the principles which I apply from day to day in my private studies and in my public labors," and "by which I am led to embrace the opinions that I have espoused." When Dr. Seats says of himself and me, "We differ greatly in our exegesis," I am constrained to think that he differs

not only from me, but from Channing and Stuart as well. Certainly there can be found in neither of those two great men any sanction of his mode of interpretation. To say nothing of inexactness in quoting Scripture, certainly his method of grouping different and separate texts together as belonging to what he calls "an indissoluble congeries of passages that interpret each other;" the classification of such passages as John viii. 58 with i. 1, 14, interpreting also the Word which was *embodied* in Jesus Christ as meaning that it was *the conscious self-hood* of Christ, and then making John viii. 58 parallel also to v. 17, 18, x. 33, in respect of meaning; the importing of significance into John viii. 58 by interpolating "a charge of blasphemy" not connected with it in the record;—these instances and more like them are as erroneous a method of developing the writings of John and Paul, as would be the same method in order to ascertain the meaning of Plato and Aristotle.

In conclusion, the point of view which I have sought to present of the office and character and work of the Christ, especially of his work of revealing God the Father, and of the revelations themselves, is to me more grand and more effective than the doctrine of his supreme Godhead. It is the *idea* of deity—of the attributes and perfections of deity—that is of benefit to me. I get this from Jesus Christ's revelations of the Father. That is, I find it in its greatest fullness, as compared with all other sources, in God speaking by his Son. In addition, I find in the Son of God all that is highest in humanity, and all that is most effective in leading me to righteousness and true holiness. In the *results*, then, how is it that I differ from my brother Sears, or from my orthodox brothers? Nay, I put it fearlessly to his deepest perception, and ask, whether his Logos doctrine—the deity inhering in God as Absolute and Infinite, and forth-going from God as Revealed, until it becomes the personal conscious self-hood of Jesus Christ—produces the sentiment of worship and love more thoroughly than the view of God, from whom all things had their origin, creating all things

anew through Jesus Christ? The universe as well as Jesus, all living creatures, mankind, embody the Logos, "and in their silent faces" do we "read unutterable love;" but most in the face of Jesus. The forth-going Logos is one with the spirit of the Father himself. It is the "one God, the *Father*" revealed, who in the very nature of things is unrevealed until he has created beings to whom to reveal himself.

To represent "the Father" as "the Absolute," "the Infinite Source and Original;" to say that "God as the Absolute, the Infinite Father and Original, cannot be seen by the mind even, and is not an object of thought," is only building one more "altar to the unknown God." It is not the teaching of him who said to Mary Magdalene, after his resurrection, "I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." It takes us back from Christianity to worship with the heathen philosophers. It is pressing the declaration, "No one has ever seen God" (John i. 18), to an unwarrantable extent. That declaration was intended to convey the fact that none ever had clear, full, adequate knowledge of God—not Moses, nor prophets, nor any seer—until Jesus Christ came. None comparatively had ever seen God until "the only-begotten Son, who was upon the bosom of the Father, *interpreted* him." Nevertheless, "we know in part;" and, though "we see as by a metallic mirror obscurely," we see something; we are capable of some correct and worthy views; we have the germinal idea even of the Infinite One. In support of this, there is the authority also of the Apostle Paul, who says that "ever since the creation of the world, the invisible being and attributes of God—even his eternal power and deity—have been clearly seen" (Rom. i. 20). This germinal idea of the Infinite God Jesus Christ was sent to develop; to correct and enlarge; to give to it a quickening power. What he himself saw, reclining upon the bosom of the Father, he has helped us to see; has made us see reflected from his face the glory that shone there first, so that without fear of delusion we may now say, We have "seen the Father." Our sight becomes more and more clear, as through Christ we gain more and more free

access to the Father in the exercise of that filial spirit which, it seems to me, distinguished Jesus more than any other quality, or than all other qualities together, and prompted him both to do and suffer all the divine will. In his last prayer with his disciples he also said, "This is the eternal life that they know Thee [O Father], the only true God, and him whom thou didst send, Jesus Christ." For penetrating into the midst of the riches of the divine knowledge thus hid in Jesus Christ, I get no aid from the distinction which has been made between God in his absoluteness and God as he reveals himself. Such "a distinction in the Divine Being" between God the Father and a personal forth-going Logos who had from eternity inhered in God the Absolute, and who in time became literally the conscious self-hood of Jesus Christ, is another foundation from that which the apostles, including John and Paul, have laid. Nor has it a foundation in the necessities of human thought, except as human thought has made for itself the knot which the interposition of some special divinity is needed to untie. My friend Dr. Sears says, in respect to "the Logos doctrine," that I have "not come within a thousand miles of it." If my interpretation of the texts which he has quoted, especially of John i. 1-18, is correct, then certainly I cannot see how I failed to reach it, though a thousand miles off. And that was all I wished or tried to do. I embrace with my whole heart and mind and soul John's doctrine of the Logos, and Paul's doctrine of the Son of God, different as these respectively are. But the other "Logos doctrine," which I think I see as clearly as most advocates of it, is a divining rod which for me points to no spot where I can find springs of living water. It is a "golden key" which opens indeed the door of some *basilica* of the age of Constantine, or grand cathedral of the middle ages; but, though pervaded by a sense of the beautiful and sublime, I cannot for myself "worship" there "in spirit and in truth."

Entertaining such views, I trust my friend and brother will not continue to think that the homage I deem worthy to be ascribed to Christ is "only the sort of reverence due to sov-

ereigns and prophets." Jesus Christ is King *of* Kings, and Lord *of* Lords, and is worthy of greater homage as he has by inheritance and by achievement obtained a more excellent name than they. To "the Lamb in the midst of the throne," the symbol of the truth declared by the same writer in his Fourth Gospel, that "the only-begotten Son who is upon the bosom of the Father, he declared him," to him I pay my homage with deeper love and reverence, though perhaps with less impassioned feelings, than in my earlier years. But, after all, the truest homage paid, whether to him, or to God who sent him, is the obedient life. He himself has declared with impressive earnestness, "Not every one who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that does the will of my Father in heaven."

I rejoice to know that the work of Dr. Sears, of which his published articles form chapters, is already in the hands of well-known publishers, at their request, for publication, and will appear before long. I do not think his discussion of the Logos doctrine will be that which all will unite in pronouncing the great and principal thing. But, for many, I anticipate an acceptance of his views on that point as incomparably the ablest and best statement of a doctrine they on the whole feel they must believe. Aside from this, and including this, his book will in my opinion prove to be one of the most helpful of the times to aid Christians of every denomination forward on those "converging lines," where, marshalled as disciples of "one Lord," believers of "one faith," partakers of "one baptism," children of "one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all," they shall by the very spectacle of such a union complete the conquests of Christianity on earth.

If we truly believed in the immortality of our souls, the fear of death would not thwart and mar the best exertions and enjoyments of our life; nor should we fear any of those evils, the worst and last of which is, death.—*C. Follen.*

THE "THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER."

A SERMON. BY ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

Then Judas, who had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself; and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." And they said, "What is that to us? see thou to that." And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and went and hanged himself. — MATT. xxvii. 3, 4, 5.

IN the New-Testament history one portentous example appears, one prodigy of wickedness, for which no pity, no consideration, has ever been felt, for which no mitigating circumstances have ever been pleaded; but from which the thoughts of all men have retired and shrunk in unmixed horror. We read of the betrayal of the dread innocence of the Son of God; we hear of a disciple of the Holy One as the son of perdition: and when we learn that, in the agony of remorse, he went and hanged himself, we simply feel as if it were some natural catastrophe, fit close to such a career; we scarcely think of the act as anything human; we scarcely think of the agonized heart,—that human heart, wounded, broken, bursting with grief,—which consummated its fate in the voluntary relinquishment of life, in the awful deed of self-murder.

But there are traits of nature and truth in the life and death of Judas, and in connection with the conduct of those around him, that illustrate the principles of good and evil, and that are worthy of our attention. Like the lurid night-torch which some of the old painters have introduced as the light of their pictures, and which presents everything around in glaring distinctness,—such is the deed of Judas in the group of Christ and his disciples. Let us attend to his story, and see if it will not help us better to understand the things we are wont to meditate upon in the sanctuary: the beauty and sanctity of goodness, and the misery and baseness of evil.

We know nothing in particular of the introduction of Judas

into the company of the disciples. The surname which he bears, Iscariot, has lead commentators to suppose that he was of the city of Cariot, or Carioth. It may be safely presumed that it was with no bad intention that he sought, or consented, to be enrolled among the immediate followers and companions of Jesus. Something of personal ambition may have mingled with the motives that drew all the early disciples to him; but they saw that he was a teacher of severe morals; and the kingdom which they expected him to set up, even though they connected with it some worldly hopes, was to be established by the power of God: it was to be a religious dominion. In short, it was a moral and religious enterprise that invited the co-operation of the disciples; and that amid circumstances presenting no allurements to the selfish and bad, amid poverty and wandering and common reproach. Indeed, it is not probable that the disciples, when they first forsook all to follow Jesus, regarded him in any other light than as a teacher of religion and righteousness. "Master," "Teacher," was the title by which they always addressed him; not "Prince," nor "King." The men, therefore, who were drawn to him were doubtless men of some religious and good dispositions, impressed in some degree with the beauty and loftiness of the Master's teaching, and desirous to learn more of his doctrine and mission. And such, it may be presumed, was Judas. And, if he had heard himself announced as in the list of the disciples recorded in the 10th chapter of Matthew, he would as little have thought as any one of them that his name was to be taken out of the sacred band, and put on the roll of everlasting infamy; or, rather, to be set apart and sent down to all ages as the vilest comparative, and very surname, of all that is basest and blackest in human ingratitude. His fellow-disciples had their faults, doubtless: yet men venerate them, name their children after them—but who ever thought of calling his son Judas Iscariot?

The next that we hear of Judas is on the occasion of Mary's anointing the feet of Jesus in Bethany. This was an Oriental usage, indicative of the highest respect. It was

not, according to the customs of the country and the time, a piece of reckless extravagance. The conduct of Judas shows that the Master had very little impressed his mind; that with that lovely and touching expression of veneration and gratitude which Mary gave he had no sympathy; nay, that already that passion was stirring in his bosom, which was soon to push him to the awful deed that has made his name accursed forever. "Six days before the Passover," we read, "Jesus came to Bethany, where Lazarus was, who had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. There they made him a supper; and Martha served; but Lazarus was one of them that sat at table with him. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, who should betray him, Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said," adds the Evangelist, "not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag and bore what was put therein."

It is said in Matthew that the *disciples* made this objection: yet Judas doubtless took a leading part in it, and from a sinister cause. But certainly it was a strange want of sympathy with an action most fit and beautiful. Jesus was the revered and beloved Master of this most tender and affectionate disciple; she had often sat at his feet, forgetful even of courtesy and hospitality, in her devotion. No words could tell her reverence and affection: nothing but the look, the manner stronger than words,—nothing but that symbolic action. Silent, while perhaps others spoke their gratitude and wonder, she kneels at the feet of the venerated Friend; she pours upon them the precious ointment, and wipes them with the hair of her head. "Why," says a harsh voice, "was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" Almost with sternness our Saviour replies, with rebuke which alone perhaps such a mind could understand, "Let her alone; disturb her not: 'against my burial hath she done this.' He takes the part of a beau-

tiful sentiment, even against the positive claims of charity. All things have their fitness; poverty is to be considered, but it is not the only thing to be considered: "the poor ye have always; but me ye have not always." Nay, more: "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her."

The next time that Judas is presented to our notice is at the last supper, where occurs a conversation that discloses his purpose and precipitates his fate. The Master and disciples sat at meat for the last time,— the Master in the midst of his little band of friends; and he said, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." Struck with sorrow and wonder, they began every one of them to say to him, "Lord, is it I?" And he answered and said, "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed: it were good for that man that he had not been born." Then Judas said,— doubtless with a gloomy brow,— "Master, is it I?" And Jesus answered, "Thou hast said." And then he added, with solemn brevity, "That thou dost, do quickly." I say with solemn brevity; for that seems to me the manner in which Jesus treats the hardened traitor in every instance in which he addresses him. He makes no tender appeals to that callous heart. Nor let this representation be that to conflict with the gentleness of his disposition. We are not to consider his whole nature as resolved into one emotion of pity: his head is not always bowed down in sorrow and tenderness. He had a just feeling for every occasion; and for base betrayal, for the traitor before him, I doubt not that his look and tone, though free from anger, were full of solemn and appalling rebuke.

Again the traitor comes forth at the head of an armed band to the Garden of Gethsemane; and to point out Jesus to the officers amid the obscurity of the night, by a previously concerted signal, he gives him a kiss: as if nothing should be wanting to the atrocity of his deed, he uses the

language and manner of friendship ; he says, " Hail, Master," and kisses him. " Friend," is the reply,— not that this word was used in a peculiar sense, but only in common address, as any one may use it to another,— " Friend ! betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss ? " No reasoning with him, no lengthened appeal : but a brief and indignant remonstrance, as it were, a comment on his baseness,— " Betrayest thou with a kiss ? "

The last act in the awful tragedy of this man's life is recorded in our text : " Then Judas, when he saw that Jesus was condemned, repented himself, and brought the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, and said, ' I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood.' And they said, ' What is that to us ? see thou to that.' And he cast down the thirty pieces of silver in the temple, and went and hanged himself." Some additional circumstances attending this catastrophe are mentioned in the 1st chapter of the Acts, where it is said, that, " falling headlong, he burst asunder in their midst." He may have fallen from a tree or a precipice where he hanged himself, and that could well have happened which is here described. This manner of his death, at any rate, is spoken of as well " known to all the dwellers in Jerusalem."

Let us now attend to some reflections that may be gathered from this impressive and appalling story.

I. And, in the first place, we may briefly note, in passing, the testimony which Judas gives to the character of our Saviour : " I have betrayed the innocent blood." It is remarkable that his enemies not only never attempt seriously to prove anything against him, but that they never bring against him any charge of moral dereliction. Pilate says, " I find in him no fault at all." And the betrayer exonerates him in a similar manner. If Jesus had not been a faultless being, Judas must have known it. With a keen and no friendly eye he had watched him. He had followed him from place to place : he had seen his daily life. His very remorse must have prompted him to find, if possible, some exculpation for what he had done, in the life of his Master.

He could find none. "I have sinned," he says, "in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." How striking the testimony! Utmost hate, ingratitude, treason, could find nothing to say against the innocence of its victim.

II. In the next place, consider the grandeur of this innocence. What in all the world so awful! No armed power of earth, no thunder-bolt of heavenly wrath, crushes down the traitor: but the thought of the innocence he had betrayed pierces him with the sharpness of death. Was it that he had failed that he was overwhelmed with such agony? No: it was that he had succeeded. The success of guilt is worse than its failure. How would he have welcomed failure! It is in the very flush of triumphant treason to his Master that he thinks of his innocence, of his pure and spotless life, of his sacred and loving heart: and the thought is more than he can bear. It is sharper than the point of the soldier's spear. It is more terrible than the eye of vengeance. He casts down the pieces of silver in the temple, as if they burned his very hand. He goes away, and rids himself of a life that is worse than death.

There is a delusion ever likely to beset the seeker of gain. He is apt to think that a certain amount of money is a fixed quantity; that it has a definite value, no matter how obtained. "Let me get it any rate," the foolish heart says, "and afterwards I can manage the moral questions about it. Let me have it here, in my coffer, and it is a certain solid good, and none of your fine moral casuistry can reason it out." But no: ill-got gain is *not* so much treasure securely laid away. It is a burden on the conscience; it is held uneasily in the hand; it is tarnished in the coffer; it is cursed in the use; it is cankered, and like fire eats into the heart. Read what pirates say, and see how it is a kind of necessity, that the price of innocent blood should ever have a curse cleaving to it; that what is guiltily got should be guiltily spent,—in mad and senseless reveling. And if there be pirates in society, who seem to live in ease and prosperity upon what they have gained by fraud, it is all a false show; or else they obtain that ease by sinking to a point below the

remorse of Judas himself: by hushing the monitions of conscience; by the extinction of the moral nature; by killing, not the body,— by pampering the body, perhaps,— but by killing the soul. Ah! let us be persuaded that no true good is ever obtained at the expense of moral good!

Do you not see that this is the great question for us all? that upon this very point the great moral struggle of life turns? The question is between real good and temporary gratification; between resolved virtue and seducing temptation; between the innocent Jesus and the guilty Judas. Yes, between these— between these objects, causes and very principles of action, the one involving fidelity, the other treason to virtue— there is to be a choice more momentous by far than that of a profession, pursuit, or occupation in life; a choice that sets a seal on all,— that sets a seal on life and death! What shall be our choice? Jesus suffered for virtue's sake, pushed aside the allurements of ease and wealth and honor, lived a patient and holy life; and in the great martyrdom for truth and for the world's salvation he died. The betrayer, selfish, covetous, living for his own ends, grasped after them with a guilty hand, and perished in the insane attempt to make gain better than godliness, pleasure better than virtue. Truth to virtue, I say, or treachery to virtue,— this is the question. There was once a people to whom the choice was offered between Jesus and Barabbas, and it said, "Not Jesus, but Barabbas." And there may be now and here those who choose Judas for guide rather than Jesus; who choose treason to virtue rather than loyalty to virtue. Shall I argue before you a question so put? I trow not. But there be those here who will virtually argue it every day of their lives; and every day of their life shall witness their loyalty or their treachery to conscience.

III. But let me present, as another matter for reflection, and especially upon the character of the betrayer, the immense contrast between the beginning and the end of his career. He could not have been a bad man when he entered the band of the disciples. There was no temptation offered to cupidity, ambition, or voluptuousness; he could not know

that he should be treasurer of that little company, and, if he had, there were no magnificent funds to tempt him to peculation or squandering ; he was to follow in a life of wandering him who had not where to lay his head ; he was to listen to solemn teachings, to stern rebukes of evil ; the vocation, too, was voluntary ; and it scarcely could have been taken up with any bad intent. *In three years* the voluntary follower is transformed into the base betrayer of his Master. And where were these years passed ? In companionship with evil, fraud, dissoluteness, and vice ? No : but with purity, truth, and wisdom : in the company of the simple disciples and their immaculate Teacher. It appears strange ; but is it indeed a solitary example ? Do we see nothing like it around us ? Can any decency of life, any holiness of teaching, any sanctity of friendship or of family bonds, protect us ? Have not gigantic delinquencies, stupendous frauds, appalling betrayal of trusts, disorders the most appalling, drunkenness, libertinism, murder, sprung from the very household bosom of purity and virtue ? No, not any circumstantial aids will save a man : nothing but the firm purpose, the jealous guardianship, the solemn prayer, will do that.

IV. Let us consider again what was the particular passion that wrought the downfall of Judas. It was covetousness. Or perhaps we should come nearer and more precisely to the point if we should say, it was the want of money. There is no point of temptation, perhaps, to which men are so distinctly and so often brought as that. My observation of life has taught me that there is nothing to which so many wiles of policy, so many schemings of ambition, so many pressing emergencies, tie themselves as that. That was the hard strain upon the conscience of Judas. He objected to Mary's offering because he wanted the money it would have brought. He sold his Master for money. *Is* there any such danger, one may still ask, in this passion, that it should so often be singled out in Holy Scripture for warning ? that the love of money should be declared to be "the root of all evil" ? Is there not something of hyperbole in this representation ? Property, that marks the rise of the civilized from the savage

condition ; property, that arouses human activity and industry ; property, that can be employed in so many beneficent uses, motive for thoughtful care and minister of merciful charity,— can the love of it be so perilous ? But consider also that it is the most tangible and universal form in which human selfishness can embody itself ; that property is the representative of almost all other worldly interests, the instrument of all worldly gratifications, the garner of ease and luxury and ambition and power,— and it may be seen that there is deeper reason for caution than we had at first thought. Yes, a man may stake all upon that possession, and risk his very soul upon the cast,— ay, and lose his soul in the game of acquisition. His heart may be so bound up in this interest that all other ties— ties of kindred, friendship, love, honor, and integrity— shall hang loosely about him. His very heart may be coined into gold : as in the process of petrifaction particle by particle of flesh departs to give place to stone, so, without any gross immorality, without any alarming dereliction, particle by particle of the human heart may silently give place to a heart of stone, and the man may become a monstrous petrifaction of avarice,— cold, hard, and dead to every generous claim. For nothing else may be known but that he is rich. His name is an abstraction : it stands for barren millions. And in this process of accumulation, *without* its attaining to any such success, religion may die out of the heart ; the nobler sentiments may die out of it,— from simple *disuse*,— and the man may deny the very spirit of Christianity, while he holds to its forms and institutions. Yes, I say a man, even now, even to-day, may betray his Lord for gold ; in this very city he may do it. He came to the city mart in early life, perhaps, with the love of virtue in his heart ; religion — the old home religion — was dear to his thoughts then : but the tide of cares and affairs rushed around him ; his gains swelled ; his ambition was aroused ; acquisitions, once thought impossible, came within his reach ; fortunes, splendors, acquisitions of wealth and luxury, sailed around him, and seemed within his grasp,— and he has turned traitor

to religion, to prayer, to heaven ; he has betrayed his conscience, he has betrayed his spiritual trust, he has betrayed his Lord for gold !

V. Once more : in considering the case of Judas, we must mark his miserable end. And it is some relief to our views of human nature to know that the signalist betrayer in the world's history did not die exulting in the deed ; that he could not enjoy the price of innocent blood ; that he sunk at last beneath overwhelming grief and remorse. Whether his remorse had any element of penitence in it, though the world seems to have divided that point against him, yet perhaps it is not for us to know. We learn, indeed, that he lost his place in the band of the disciples ; and, as vacated not merely by death, but by crime, it was filled by the election of another. But whether he lost his place in heaven, whether he who pardoned the penitent thief may not have pardoned his betrayer, it may not be for us to say.

But this we know : that he died in misery. It is not difficult in thought to trace his steps from the moment of his leading forth the armed band to Gethsemane, to the moment of his agonized confession in the temple. They are the steps of all conscious guilt. When, on finishing what he had undertaken to do ; when, on giving the treacherous and fatal sign, he heard the words, "Betrayest thou me with a kiss ?" — that tone, we may well believe, penetrated his heart. Gladly, perhaps, would he have retrieved his deed ; but it is too late : the armed hand is laid upon that Sacred Person ! Affrighted at what he had done, he slinks away into the surrounding darkness ; but all his thought, all that was working in the dark turmoil of his bosom, gathers around that betrayed Innocence, and he cannot help following it. The picture of fear and conscious guilt, we may believe, he hovers on the skirts of the returning band of officers and soldiers. Can it be reality ? Is it not a fearful dream, that he, the late disciple, has done this ? Those bristling spears and swords and glaring torches around the beloved Master,—are they not some awful phantom conjured up from hell to affright the world ? He follows on to the judgment hall, and to the court of Pilate and Herod,—awful names which only the

majestic innocence of Jesus has lifted to their portentous eminence in the world. Every moment that innocence becomes more majestic, more awful to the traitor. He hears the malicious, captious, mocking question; he hears the calm and patient answer. He hears those pointed and penetrating words to Pilate, "Thou couldst have no power at all against me unless it were given thee from above,"—none but a judicial power from Rome,—"therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." He hears this, and he trembles. He looks around, but nothing meets his fear-stricken eye that can re-assure or comfort him. He sees the infuriate populace, the angry priests; he sees the spitting and the blow upon that sacred brow; he sees the meek sufferer led away to endure the agony of crucifixion. It is too much; he can bear it no longer: he rushes to the temple, and says to the chief priests and elders, in a horror and torture which martyrs might pity, "I have betrayed the innocent blood." Now, mark a circumstance that often comes to complete the misery of guilt. "What is that to us?" say the priests. "See thou to that!" That is what many a fallen man has heard from those that lead him into evil. Many a time has the tempter, the seducer, the companion that led astray, said that to his victim. "See thou to that. Lift not your complaint and your outcry to us, fool! Your guilt,—what is that to us? See thou to that!" Ay, Judas must see to that. He could cast the burden, the blame, upon no other. The crushing weight fell upon his single head. He flung down the accursed price of blood upon the temple floor, and went away and hanged himself. And now his tomb in the world is a name of everlasting horror and infamy: through all ages, base and black betrayal is synonymous with Judas, the Iscariot!

If I were to add anything, in fine, to the account of this dread example of guilt, to make it still more practical, it would be to fix a more distinct attention upon that phrase fraught with fearful admonition,—"See thou to that!" We must settle the account with our faults, our vices, our falsehood, dishonesty, guilt, for ourselves. None can relieve us of that awful reckoning. Item after item have we put down

in the account: item by item must we pay the debt to avenging conscience. If there is anything in the universe that will find us out, it is the guilty deed. Companionship in evil there may be: but there is no copartnership in remorse. It is single; it is solitary; it comes alone. Let us, then, lay the charge upon ourselves to be true; to be loyal to conscience, whatever tempts us to treachery; whatever evil seductions, whatever false pleas assail us, to be true: true to the right, to the highest authority, to the word of Christ, to the law and hope of heaven!

RESIGNATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

A FLOWER in the garden,
I must in patience wait
Thy time and way of crossing
The circle of my fate.

And com'st thou as a sunbeam,
I'll silently unfold
My bosom to thy beauty,
That look of thine to hold.

Com'st thou as dew or rain drop,
I'll catch it in love's cup,
And keep the precious blessing
Where nought shall drink it up.

And sweep'st thou softly o'er me,
In zephyrs gently blown,
I'll bow my head before thee,
And say, I am thine own.

A flower in the garden,
I must in patience wait
Thy time and way of crossing
The circle of my fate.

S. C. R.

INCONSISTENCY.

BY ALICE M. WELLINGTON.

WITH Sir John Ellesmere, who wished when he had gained his client's cause to rise in court and argue it again for his opponent, we have strong sympathy. It has always been a rash desire of ours to review severely our own articles; believing that not only the intellectual pleasure, but the practical value of searching our own inconsistencies, has never been sufficiently appreciated.

The Unitarian, crossing some day a Trinitarian threshold, listens surprised to the echo of his own broad principles, and affirms solemnly, "In all except believing the Trinity, that man is a sound Unitarian; you will not find him long in the pulpit where he is now." We ourself were once asked by a loyal churchman why we kept the Christian festivals, since we believed Jesus was "nothing but a very good carpenter;" and answering proudly that we kept his birthday as we did our mother's, out of loving remembrance, we were met by the rejoinder, as he turned lightly away, "You yourself, I think, are more than half Trinitarian."

For the rationalist to find liberality in a dogmatist, and the dogmatist to discover reverence in a radical, excites a mutual surprise, of which we gladly avail ourselves to fill men with longing for the one fold and one shepherd, when all may hold the faith in unity of spirit and the bond of peace. But still more useful do we hold it to consider carefully the points on which by profession we most widely differ: some striking inconsistency of our own will be sure to lead us prisoner straight into the enemy's camp; a pet theory of any denomination, pushed to its extreme, forces them to surrender some other just as dear: so true it is that —

"Jede Strasse führt ans End der Welt,"

(Every road leads the world's end), and that all are forced at last by logic and philosophy to yield their favorite theories

about things, and stand in simple, reverent awe before the "mysteries of the star-sown depths of space and the human consciousness of right and wrong."

To name the two religious parties dividing the world is not easy. Between the terms Unitarian and Trinitarian, Radical and Conservative, Rationalist and Dogmatist, lie such delicate distinctions of Liberal and Calvinist, Evangelical and Broad Church, that a Rubicon which shall fairly separate the two is difficult to define. We may be understood, however, if we refer to them as Unitarian and Trinitarian.

The former, for the honor of his Creator as well as self-respect, clings to the dignity of human nature. At first he acknowledged that "every good thought comes into the heart of man by inspiration of the Divine Spirit;" but being told that to call Shakespeare and Beethoven no less inspired than Jeremiah and John was "a loose way of speaking of inspiration," he chose to give up the word entirely and hold the human soul too sacred a home for even the Holy Spirit to enter, till man himself draw back the heavy bolts and welcome it as his guest.

The Trinitarian, however he may profess to believe in free-will, tacitly holds every soul at the mercy of its Creator. Not only does he believe that the poor wretches of the New Testament were literally possessed by demons, but also that the patriarchs and prophets, suffering a like annihilation of self, were possessed by angels, "intoxicated with God." The grandeur of Isaiah, the music of the Psalms, the sublimity of Job, the earnestness of Paul's epistles and the faith of John's, were due to no purity of soul or keenness of mental vision in those who penned them: they are nothing we may hope to attain by living the high, pure life they led, and throwing ourselves into the channel of spiritual thought which they pursued; their judgment was not true "because they were obedient;" simply, God forcibly entered their souls, took possession of their strong right arm, caused them to write burning words and gorgeous sentences which—

"On the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever;"

But with which their own nobility of soul had as little to do as if the splendid periods had been the scribbling of a spirit-moved planchette.

Let there now arise in human destiny some grand, awful crisis, where the soul stands in deadly danger of going hopelessly astray. The Unitarian denies any such crisis: he is grateful, not that when the world was ruined Christ came and saved it, but that the world grew noiselessly in virtue till at last it blossomed out in Christ. Seeing reverently how the "thoughts of men are widened with the progress of the suns," he can but listen to the tread of the centuries as one grand, triumphal march through the realms of progress. In no boastful egotism does he hold his own age best; he does not claim that the people know *more* than their ancestors: he simply sees and rejoices that *more people know*. The lofty characters and mighty intellects that moulded the age and led its thought have perhaps disappeared forever; but in return the age falls naturally of its own accord into gracious form and lovely thought, and has less need of powerful guidance; so that perhaps Carlyle's theory may be true of the past, Buckle's of the present and the future. The valleys have been exalted, and stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing; the individual mountain-peaks have been laid low, but the little hills rejoice on every side. Instead of Socrates, we have the public school; instead of Raphael at the Louvre, we have Prang in Anderson and North streets; instead of Dante, no child but lisps in numbers; instead of Schiller, we have a continent of brains that can appreciate Schiller; instead of Christ, we have Christianity and Christians!

But the very word "Trinitarian" demands some terrible interruption in this onward march. The belief in total depravity has passed away; but redemption is one of those theories which, it has been wittily said, the modern Trinitarian labels, as he does old clothes, "Too bad to wear, but too good to throw away." Man must still be redeemed; and, in order to be redeemed, must be proved hopelessly bad in some way. The modern Evangelical, therefore, declares that he was not

created totally depraved, but went gradually astray like the prodigal son and needed to be led back to his Father's house.

The problem is not one we should think our brother would find it difficult to solve: in inspiration he has a loop-hole in his theology through which it is possible for anything to be accomplished. Given this terrible crisis, God only needed to touch the lips of some Joseph the carpenter's son with the keen scorn of hypocrisy, for which there need have been no fear that his brother-men would not speedily crucify him, if, as Trinitarianism demands, it was necessary, too, that blood be spilled; and, although that life and death would have been as destitute of the dignity of human struggle and the glory of human triumph as they are now when men make them both divine, yet man would have been redeemed; the innocent life would have been sacrificed, the grand words uttered which all mankind were to go down the centuries echoing from lip and heart and life. No theological dogma would have been stretched or perverted in the least; we should have been guided home by an *inspired man*.

But no: ignoring its loop-hole of escape, tacitly acknowledging, to an extent at which the mere Rationalist stands aghast, the powerlessness of God to illumine the souls and kindle the lips of men, Trinitarianism leads us to think of the Creator as watching in an agony of despair the wanderings of his children; shut out from all possible communion with them; unable by a whisper of the Holy Spirit in their hearts to give them clearer vision and fill them with repentance; till at last, in the depth of his love and the agony of his grief, he recognized and obeyed the divine necessity, that, if the words were to be spoken and the lesson taught, He must come down to earth and speak those words — *himself*.

In other words, the Holy Ghost, in which Trinitarians believe as the influence of God in every individual soul, uttering itself at will in the trumpet-tones of patriarchs and prophets, or in the still, small voice which to the humblest of us is our Emmanuel, our "God with us," answers for all ordinary occasions, but fails in an emergency.

Here we are in danger of forgetting that in one point the

church is supremely consistent with herself. To expiate the terrible sin into which man had fallen, she holds it insufficient that the great light of Christian truth should break upon the darkness from inspired lips ; nay, it was not enough that an innocent life should be sacrificed : God must die. From one of her pulpits, indeed, where Liberal Christianity, draped in the old garments and faded dogmas of threadbare creeds, stands an angel in disguise, we have heard the admission, " This death, this agony, this cross of Christ, differ from all other martyrdom, all other crosses, inasmuch as they were the suffering of a perfectly sinless being. *I dare not say, if any human being had lived utterly guiltless, that the atonement through his death would not have been just as effectual as Christ's* ; but no such human being ever has existed." The church, however, lays the stress not on the sinlessness, but the deity of the sufferer. " It is only as we find in the groans and shrinkings of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, the nameless and inexpressible anguish of a divine and infinite Being, that the signals of the Passion are lifted into genuine honor. Without this they are less than they assume to be and fail even of respect."

Why is it, Father, they find it so hard to bend the knee and give thanks to thee for thy great glory ? why do they love thee only because thou takest on thyself their infirmities, to bear their sicknesses ?

The doctrine that " there is no health in us," but that baptism gives us " that which by nature we cannot have," and that all the sins we cannot help committing are forgiven us through Christ's atonement, the Unitarian spurns as dangerous in the extreme to the sense of individual responsibility. " I cannot do God's will if I would, and need not, because Christ died for me," slips very easily into " I will not try." O wise young judge, almost thou persuadest me to be a Unitarian ! but no theory of imputed righteousness from sternest Calvinistic lips ever seemed to us more dangerous in its tendency than the eloquent liberality of Rev. Laird Collier in his sermon on Robert Falconer. With his generous charity, his allowance for " natural bias of temperament," his assertion that " the

sinner is more God's child than the righteous man," we sympathized, yet with trembling lest many a young man should leave the hall feeling that it was highly respectable to be a sinner, and with perhaps too tender a regard for his natural disposition. "I cannot control the bias of my temperament, and need not, because we all get into heaven any way," also slips very easily into "I will not try." We honor the Unitarian for scorning vicarious sacrifice, but we smile that he thinks no sacrifice at all essential.

When shall we learn to put aside theories, and say simply, "If there is no God and no future life, yet even then it is better to be brave than to be a coward; better to be true than false; better to be generous than selfish"?

An English essayist justifies Ritualism on the plea that a certain liveried state is necessary everywhere else to keep a hold on the people's will; why not also in the church? Take away the army uniform, what respect could you inspire for military discipline? Let Victoria drive up to the House of Lords in a hired cab instead of with liveried lacquey and a royal span, how long would the people stand in awe of her regal authority? In pleading against Ritualism, we should have chosen precisely the same argument; where there is nothing naturally to inspire respect, you must excite it by outward pomp and show; where there is truth and purity, no white robe need cover it, and no bended knee is necessary to make it felt. We grant that Victoria might be powerless before the people without a royal span; but, if we remember rightly, there was one who rode into Jerusalem sitting on an ass, whose influence we think quite as likely to be felt in the next century as Victoria's.

In a Trinitarian church one day we were assailed by a member of its communion, who could not understand why we had dared or cared to take upon our lips a lovely hymn, appealing to the "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." We smiled, remembering our early scruples. At first, a prayer to Christ was so great a shock to our religious nerves that, whenever it occurred, we jealously tightened our closed lips and stood in haughty silence; till the quick thought came, "Are we never

to pray, then, except to God?" All prayer, whether the cry of passionate entreaty or the murmured thanks of grateful happiness, is the lifting of the soul to something higher than itself for sympathy in its pleasure or help in its distress. We are rapidly unlearning our old habit of appealing to the gods to avert a pestilence, to send down rain or to stay an advancing tide. Physical facts are found to be the result of physical laws, in the sublimity of whose invariableness there is no shadow of turning; but on the soul lifted in agony or rapture for spiritual strength, the Holy Spirit may be seen descending like a dove. If, then, there is a future life, and the spirits of our friends are round about us always, as we believe, why may we not seek in silent communion the strength their presence gave us here on earth? Why may I not pray to my mother in heaven, since I cannot speak to her at my side? Death has been merciful to me; Christ and the long line of the world's heroes are almost the only friends I have beyond the grave; but assuredly, if one by one they go before me there, I shall not feel it wrong, in solitude at night or in crowded streets by day, to lift my soul to theirs in silent prayer; seeking the help and strength they never denied me I here on earth; the mutual trust we gave each other, of which cannot think the dear God will be more jealous then than now.

The subject suggests Romanism. That most converts to the Catholic faith have been extreme Radicals, is a trite remark, usually regarded as the most striking of theological inconsistencies. We hold, rather, that reverent Radicalism has much which naturally merges in Catholicism. Both Romanist and Radical give a dignity to human nature denied by the self-deprecating Calvinist. "No hope for pardon but at the cross!" exclaims the Lutheran. "I know no power in the hands of Christ that is not given to all my fellow-men," haughtily replies the Radical. "True, my son," echoes the benignant priest, "come to me, and know that I, the humblest of your brother-men, have power to forgive your sins." Were we ourself to cross the Rubicon, we should become a Romanist rather than a Protestant Trinitarian. May we be pardoned for tracing the advancing steps?

The Radical begins with renouncing an incarnate God on earth. He still clings to a personal God in heaven, whom here he sees through a glass darkly in proportion as he is pure in heart, but whom he shall behold face to face in the realms beyond the grave. Gradually advancing through all the stages of Pantheism, he at last surrenders this personal God. The finite, he declares, can never comprehend the infinite; we are never to see God more than we see him now: he is an Essence, an all-pervading Law; hiding himself always from his children behind some screen, painted very beautifully on their side, that they may amuse themselves with the wonderful colors and strange designs, not too curious to peep behind it; and if ever the human soul tires of its plaything, crying out wearily to be taken into its Father's arms, God giveth his beloved sleep; takes the soul away from the earth, of whose sunsets and science it has wearied, and opens before it the mysteries of heaven. The child is silent again, awe-struck and absorbed, and God, behind the screen, wonders how long it will be satisfied with this!

For this God the Radical retains respect, but, being a reverent man, he seeks something to love. He can admire the sublimity of Law, but it would be hopeless to pray to it. As the next highest to Deity, the comprehension of which he has forever forfeited, he turns to a Jesus that is not the Calvinistic Christ; he does not believe in his pre-existence or immaculate conception, as yet, or that he created the heavens and the earth; he simply accepts him as worthiest of reverence next to the infinite, disembodied Law which has existed from eternity and which did create.

In other words, if we may so express ourselves, the Protestant Trinitarian believes in a God "who for us men and our salvation came down to earth and was made man;" the reverent skeptic, hovering between the radicalism of reason and the gentle superstition of temperament, believes in a man, who for his transcendent virtue went up to heaven and was made God.

Where is he to find this Christ? Not certainly among his Radical brethren, who hold no special theories of the nature

of Jesus ; not certainly in Calvinistic dogmas, for which he has not lost his old contempt. He would rather believe in the absolute perfection of a pope, than in the total depravity of all mankind ; having ceased long ago to believe in any Omnipotence that can grant aught but spiritual gifts in answer to a prayer, he feels that he can bend the knee to any saint in all the glorious company of the Apostles as reverently as to a God ; if he is to believe any miracles he will believe them all, and honor St. Elizabeth changing bread into roses no less than Christ changing water into wine ; scorning the vicarious sacrifice of the Evangelical and ridiculing the universal salvation of the Unitarian, it is not hard for him to accept purgatory as a golden mean between the two ; his old faith in the dignity of human nature makes it easy for him to give the priest power to forgive sins ; shocked at the Protestant system of divorce, and heart-sick at the trivial way a rising generation regards the responsibilities of marriage, he hears suddenly of a religion where it is held a holy sacrament ; two years from the day they mutually left the church, we are not to be surprised if we find the devout Radical on Sunday afternoon at the confessional, and the phlegmatic Radical in his own parlor calmly smoking a cigar.

One inconsistency of Trinitarianism, which we find least easy to understand and most difficult to forgive, is that the love for Christ which it bends every effort to excite, it chills at its first opening. You may not believe it essential to salvation to join in the communion of the Lord's Supper, and yet it may be to you a beautiful pleasure to commemorate so simply a noble life and death. "Surely," you think, "those who are so anxious I should seek him will be first to welcome me to his table." But no : they hold up a warning finger. "Are you a member of the church? do you hold certain theories of the nature of Christ, which you have promised before the world to hold from this day forward? or is this feeling of yours nothing but meaningless love for him? Do you think you are worthy to come to our Lord's table?"

It is as if, when the the day came to cover in proud and

loving recollection our soldiers' graves with flowers, you had come forward with the rest and said, as others offered costly lilies and azalias, "Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance," and the sentinel had thrust forth his bayonet: "Stop a minute; Robert G. Shaw and the Putnam's and the Lowell's were very noble men: do you think you are worthy to lay a flower on their graves?"

Let us not be misunderstood. We are aware that in certain churches, even the Swedenborgian, permission is privately given to individuals to come forward unbaptized into the faith. But the church prizes her existence as an organization, and must be willing to be judged by her own utterance from the pulpit, not by the drawing-room conversation of her clergy. It is urged that only those should be allowed to remain of whose earnestness the minister has convinced himself. Forgive me if, unwilling to believe in the infallibility of any pope, I refuse to submit my earnestness of purpose to the judgment of any minister, even though his verdict be in my favor.

"You will come back," prophesied a friend, when we left a church where we had been singularly happy. "Will you promise to tell me six months hence where you stand?" We promised; but six months have only confirmed our conviction that all who stand have to take heed lest they fall; and we hope to keep walking on and on, pitching our tent each six months nearer heaven, never dissatisfied but always unsatisfied, until at last we wake in His likeness.

Not that I am capricious because doubt or atheism sometimes dims the clearness of my faith. My belief in God, in truth and immortality, is changeless as a fixed star; but my theories about them change with the circling hours. A tree whose every leaf trembles at every wind of doctrine may yet be firmly rooted in the ground; the kaleidoscope, not one of whose exquisite combinations you can ever hope to create a second time, yet never drops from its charmed circle a single sparkling gem. The same primary hues, God, Truth, Immortality, Faith, Hope, Charity and Love, ray themselves into the rainbow that spans your life and mine with brightness;

but yours is the prismatic rainbow, clear and changeless, reflected coldly from some crystal of a creed, which you found one day in a fissure of the Rock of Ages, cleft for you ; mine is the quivering glory reflected from each living drop of water, that transfigures the air for an instant as a restless, eager life throws itself upon that Rock in ever-changing spray. I could not catch it if I would and prison it in a creed. I am neither Unitarian nor Trinitarian, Romanist nor Radical, Materialist nor dreamer : I believe in God and my fellow-men ! Did the great Master, from whose table you exclude me, ask more of us than to love the Lord our God with all our heart and our neighbor as ourself ?

But though we are not asked to stay, let it be in no ungentle spirit that we turn aside. Let us not go forth bitterly denying that Christ can be found in such a church ; we know he is still there, sorrowing that they will not let the children come to him ; but, thank God ! not there only. Yonder in the hospitals and North Streets, where his work lies still unfinished, he calls us, too ; not to fall down and *worship*, but to *follow* him ; not to throw ourselves on the easy cushions of personal salvation through his sacrifice, but to take his yoke upon us, and find therein the peace that passeth understanding and which the church cannot give or take away. Where he went we will go ; his people shall be our people, his God our God. Arise, let us go hence !

And yet, O Mother Church, breathe once more your gentle benediction upon the child you found upon your doorstep. Forgive her, that the seed of the love for Christ you planted in her heart has grown so beautiful and strong, that now it has no longer room to grow under the highest arches of your highest temples. Forgive her, that your lesson she learned so thoroughly that now she loves Christ better than yourself.

For although we believe with the sternest Radical in the supremacy of ideas and principles, yet we cling with loyal devotion to every intense and earnest personality. The Unitarian may justly warn the Trinitarian that worship of a person easily degenerates into superstition ; but the Trinitarian may quite as justly remind the Unitarian that worship of the

abstract easily develops into mere ethics. Many a Rousseau has held himself guiltless because, in spite of a most abandoned life, he has ever cherished in his brain a most lofty ideal and worshiped profoundly the abstract Beautiful and Good. Alas! whatever our faith, we have all reason to rejoice that the God we serve is one long-suffering and kind.

We can think of no greater inconsistency than that of the Radical, professing to believe in the supremacy of ideas, careless what may be thought of this or that individual, but who, figuratively speaking, crosses himself and shudders with apprehensive dread of so intense a personality whenever the name of Christ is mentioned, though it be only as that of an elder brother or friend. Believing truly in the supremacy of ideas, I fear no strongest test you can bring to bear on it: personality cannot smother truth; it may be a most valuable aid to it. We wish to fill our pupils with abstract love of literature and science; but we welcome every rose left upon our desk as a tribute to our own attractions; nor have we as yet found that they learn to care for the turn of our head or the expression of our lips to the detriment of the lovely lines from Schiller or the beautiful experiment in philosophy.

Surely the dear God had some tender meaning in it all when he wound so subtly in together these loyal lives of ours, till we feel "two human loves make one divine." I do not ask you to accept my Master for your own; Jesus, Socrates, Savanarola, Paul, you may keep your theories of each; I simply ask that —

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Your heart in glad surprise
To higher levels rise;"

That when a beautiful life has been lived on the shores of the Galilean lake, no tidal wave of centuries or space shall prevent you stretching out your hand if haply you may touch the hem of the garment without seam; and, on the other hand, no beautiful life blossom into beauty on your own breast, no cross of suffering be nobly borne at your very side,

unseen by you, because your eyes are strained to catch a glimpse of that far-off Cross on Calvary, and your fastidious taste cares only for the lilies of Judea.

And yet I ask no blind devotion to a master. "Where I find worth, I follow him who has it till they part, and then I follow *it*." So shall we all serve loyally our leaders in the spirit which the Apostle Paul invoked: "Be ye, therefore, followers of me even as I am a follower of Christ; for the head of man is Christ and the head of the woman is man and head of Christ is God; that the Son may be under the Father and God may be all in all."

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WHAT are some of the sources of the strength and weakness of this faith which is "everywhere spoken against"? It may be said, in the first place, that one of its chief defects is the nature of the *methods* by which the movement is sought to be propagated. This is a weakness in some measure inherent in the infancy of all great religious movements. No faiths are royally born; no prophets are clothed in purple. The religions which have swayed the destinies of men have first been nourished in the bosoms of the common people; have been first spread abroad by the homely instruments of ignorant superstition and unlettered zeal. The few imperfect glimpses we can get of the early church of Christ reveal it to be not the unspotted company of saints which modern enthusiasm is tempted to regard it, but a religious society blessed with the most self-sacrificing zeal, and also degraded by the most undignified absurdities, and even the vilest sins. Of course every form of religion that comes to the light among people who are mentally and morally uncultivated and undeveloped, no matter how lofty the truths it contains, must be tinged by their ignorance and undevelopment,

When truth comes to ignorant people, they can only use the crude instruments they possess to give it expression. Therefore, when we consider the origin and early life of modern Spiritualism, we *expect* to find it attended by those unfailing nurses of religious thought,—craft and superstition. And our expectations are abundantly realized.

But apart from this consideration, if the methods employed in propagating this faith were always marked with transparent honesty and reliability, yet they are of a character to excite in the ordinary mind ridicule and distrust. First, because, as a people, we have fixed habits of religious thought, and fixed methods of religious culture; and nothing can be more in opposition to these than the methods employed and the results produced by the new movement. We have a fixed ministry, trained in accordance with certain arbitrary plans of study. They have utterly abandoned this mode of ministration, and have a company of teachers who boast of their ignorance in order to heighten the effect of their supernatural instructions. As a *body*, the people of our various religious societies regard the *Bible* as the treasury of God's highest truth, and therefore as the supreme source of inspiration and authority in pulpit teaching. But modern Spiritualists strip the *Bible* of any *specifically* divine character, and reduce it to the level of books of acknowledged human production; while they have a body of *inspirational* preachers, or *mediums*, who are able to publicly advertise the exact hour at which they will open communication with heaven. Christians have been accustomed to regular habits of devotion and prayer, either by the elaborate ritualism of the hierarchical churches or the simpler forms of Congregationalism. There is about the ordinances and methods of the church a venerable dignity and solemnity which most religious reforms have sought to leave untouched. But the advocates of this new faith have either laid iconoclastic hands upon these venerable usages, or passed them by with contemptuous neglect: substituting what Carlyle calls the "ritualism of Dead-Sea apples." Here we have a large body of men and women who seek to revolutionize all established

methods and forms of religious thought and expression, and profess to receive information of the profoundest interest, touching life and destiny in this world, and the mysteries of the world beyond, by the homely and undignified mediumship of tipping tables, tinkling bells, rolling marbles, and messages scribbled in dark rooms and under tables. Now, we may say what we please about the unphilosophical nature of that opposition which will reject truth because it comes through unlooked-for sources, but the mass of people are not philosophical; and when truth comes to them, not only through novel channels, but in somewhat ridiculous ways, the mass of people have not the courage to investigate its claims. In the Saxon mind principles are only reared during ages, while prejudices seem to spring up in a single night: while both are alike founded upon granite. It must be confessed that against Modern Spiritualism a massive prejudice has been reared in the mind of a large body of religious people in this land. I am free to say I think the prejudice (on these grounds) unfair and unwise: but it is real and powerful nevertheless.

But there is a more radical source of weakness than this in the great movement we are considering, in its lack of totally disinterested and devoted preachers of its claims. I say this deliberately, while I bear glad testimony to the untiring, unselfish devotion of such women as Mrs. Hardinge, who has made her faith a glorious gospel of joy and consolation to the outcast and fallen. But I fear such preachers and evangelists are the exception and not the rule. Every faith depends largely for success upon the earnest convictions of its believers. The religion of Christ, although it overturned prejudices, shocked proprieties and revolutionized society: producing ridicule and contempt, by elevating, as the symbol of its spirit, that cross which was the gibbet of the slave,—this religion, though it was marred with superstition and bigotry, yet was presented to the world by a body of men and women who forgot themselves, and everything except the testimony they must bear to their glorious faith. They were spit on by the rich, feared as a pestilence

52 STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

by the poor, dragged to the dungeon and the cross by the cruel law; yet they willingly gave up all for the faith of Jesus, and forced upon their bitterest foes the conviction of the value of that religion that transformed men into heroes and saints. But the popular impression is that modern Spiritualism is marked by few such signs of a divine origin and mission. That its prophecies are purchasable at stipulated prices. That its mediums resemble more the charlatan than the prophet, and its believers crave the marvelous rather than the true and good. It is inconsistent with all our ideas of religious thought and expression, for a body of people who claim to have certain knowledge upon one of the most tremendous questions known to the mind of man,—that of the immortality of his soul,—a question fraught with the most awful interest, and the tenderest hope,—for this body of people to place the stewardship of this most precious truth in the hands of an irresponsible body of mercenary professionals, who huckster it to those who can pay. I do not wish to use an undignified expression, but only to represent this matter as it appears to the minds of common, ordinary people. A religion which looks for permanent success must not be content with stimulating the credulous element of human nature, but must entrust its ministrations to large, liberal, generous, self-sacrificing souls, who will be *eager* to give freely, to all who may come, the wine and oil of God's blessed truths. In this genuine, apostolic, disinterested zeal, it is the general impression that this modern faith is found wanting. I know of some quite prominent Spiritualists, who while still firmly holding their faith, have severed connection with the body, because of the mercenary jugglery of many of its exponents. And one of their writers recently declared, that any faith of less vitality would have been swamped by the load of superstition, credulity, and craftiness it was compelled to bear.

In the opinion of the mass of people this faith displays another weakness of a serious character. That is in the nature and reputation of its moral and religious associates. A faith, like a man, is generally, and often unjustly, judged by the

company it keeps. And modern Spiritualism, while professing the loftiest morality and purity, is very often found in the society of those disreputable movements which aim to abolish marriage, promote "free love," and embody the wildest socialistic and political vagaries. It is perfectly useless, however just it may be, to say that Spiritualism has, in its essence, no sympathy with these destructive theories. The mass of people use little discrimination. When they find this new faith always side by side with a great crowd of the soul-destroying philosophies of diseased brains and impure hearts, they are very apt to condemn them in the lump as gifts from the arch-fiend himself. And yet, with all its defects, inconsistencies, and weaknesses, (some of which I have attempted to impartially portray), it possesses sources of wonderful strength and vitality by means of which it is steadily increasing in influence and power. To some of the reasons for this increase let me briefly refer. In the first place, then, I believe the chief source whence it derives strength is in the fact of its inherent *truth*. When I say that I believe this faith to be inherently and essentially *true*, I do not affirm the reliability of its table-tippings or rappings, or of any of its common methods of securing the so-called spirit communications. I only mean, that, in its leading feature,—the belief in the ability of the human mind to communicate with friends beyond the grave,—it is in harmony with the central fact of Christian history. Let us look at this truth squarely. What is this central fact of Christian history? It undoubtedly is that Jesus Christ *after death* actually communicated with those he loved and left in the world. All the interest of Paul's conversion clusters around the simple declaration that Jesus Christ spoke to him from the immortal world. And remember, it was not as the Messiah that this intercourse was permitted the Son of Man. If there is anything made plain by the great Apostle, it is that, in all things pertaining to death and eternal life, Jesus comes under the operation of the same great laws that prevail over the souls of all humanity. You may say, if you please, that Jesus appeared in this mortal, perishable body. But he appeared in

such a way as to convince his disciples that as he *was* so should they be; and that he had, *as a man*, gone through the natural and universal change of death. This much is certain. If it were not so, then Paul's argument for immortality, addressed to the Corinthians, would be foolish and vain. Here, then, was the great inspiration of the early church: that the "man Christ Jesus" had gone through the portals of death, and returned as a living soul to tell men of immortality. And this, (stripped of all its unnecessary accessories, its crude and grotesque methods of expression), is the central, living truth of modern Spiritualism. Not a new truth, but one as old as Christianity itself. Not a reformation, but a return to the primary doctrine of the church of Jesus Christ. Not in *antagonism* with our religion, but in beautiful harmony with the largest demands *this* religion makes upon the faith and affection of humanity.

And then it possesses another source of power, which, if faithfully used, will give it an influence like that exerted by the early church. I mean its power over atheism and utter worldliness. Scores of men who were entirely lost in materialism and unbelief have been brought face to face, by this faith, with what are to them, living, incontrovertible proofs of the existence of immortality. I do not think we can estimate the number of hearts made happy and buoyant, and the lives made true and sweet, by the consoling revelations of this faith. Say, if you will, that its methods are ridiculous, and its communications mainly childish. The *fact* remains that it has created faith, hope and trust in hearts that have resisted every other earthly appeal.

And, lastly, this faith has had one blessed power wherever its influence has been felt. It has produced a deep and radical change in the manner of thinking and talking of death. If anything has cast an awful chill over Christian homes and hearts; and seemed to destroy or falsify their faith, it has been the presence of death. After eighteen hundred years of Christian light, we tremble with terror on the edge of the grave's awful abyss, and are filled with speechless agony whenever the hand of death is laid on one we love. Death

always seems a fearful break in nature: almost a return to chaos. We speak of the dark, mysterious valley only in terrified whispers. Now, all this cannot be said of those homes and hearts where Spiritualism is the earnestly accepted faith. I have heard these people talk so rationally, so naturally of the other life, that death seemed to have no dominion over them. With them death is an almost obsolete word. They only speak of going "out of the form," of going to "the summer land," of going "to the *other* side." Even their children live in the golden atmosphere of hope and trust; and learn to talk of heaven as only the upper chambers of their earthly home.

As I go into the old churchyards, and see, (keeping watch over the graves), the grinning death's head cut in stone, I think of those unknown thousands buried under the mighty Rome, many of whose simple graves bear only the touching words, "Asleep in Jesus." And then I pray for the help of *any* faith that can take away from the human heart the awful fear of the grave, and bring back to the church of Christ the joy and trust of his early disciples. The faith that can do this should be welcomed by our hearts as a glorious instrument of the divine religion of Jesus Christ.

S.

LETTERS FROM DR. CHANNING.

SOMETIMES, when in a strange place, we are suddenly gladdened by coming across a friend whom we have not seen for many years. The expressions of his countenance, the tones of his voice, are a source of exquisite happiness. And if in talking with him we find deeper sources of sympathy, and learn that we have been all these years interested in the same subjects and making progress in the same direction, especially if these subjects are of the most serious and reflecting character and we have been advancing towards more elevated and inspiring views, our mutual enjoyment is

of a more permanent and satisfying nature. Old associations are reviewed with a new interest. Old ties of friendship are renewed. The past which blossomed before us in the freshness of our youthful hopes is now here with its ripe and mellow fruits. Perhaps something of this kind will characterize our experience when we pass out of this world and meet again the pure, disinterested, and loving friends whose intercourse once made so large a part of our happiness and our improvement. Next to meeting a dear friend or revered teacher long absent is the privilege of falling in with some common friend who brings him vividly before us, or finding some written expression of his which opens to us his mind and heart as they were in his best moments when he was with us.

It is with feelings of this kind that we have received from a friend two letters written by Dr. Channing to a lady who had evidently been going through a very trying experience. The first of the two is perhaps the more characteristic of the spiritual condition of the writer. But the second goes through a wider range, and shows a wise and discriminating tenderness to the evidently disordered and diseased condition of his correspondent. Neither of the letters has before been printed, and neither of them is quite complete.

To Mrs. H.—

The inability to *realize* the great truths of the Christian faith of which you complain, is what we all know by mournful experience in some part of our journey. In truth, who is not always conscious of it in a measure? Relief generally comes silently, slowly, through patient obedience to the Divine Will. The principle of obedience may exist in us when the power of vivid spiritual conception is wanting. It is possible, when the future is dim, when our depressed faculties can form no bright ideas of the perfection and happiness of a better world,—it is possible still to cling to the conviction of God's merciful purpose towards his creatures, of his parental goodness even in suffering; still to feel that the path of duty, though trodden with a heavy heart, leads to peace; still to be true to conscience; still to do our work, to resist temptation, to be useful,

though with diminished energy, to give up our wills when we cannot rejoice under God's mysterious providence. In this patient, though uncheered obedience, we become prepared for light. The soul gathers force. The clouds gradually melt, and beams of hope visit us. It seems to me not wise to strain our minds for a joy which cannot so come to us. Do the present duty, withstand the present temptation. Make use of the stronger faith of friends. Exercise good affections to all around. Look to God, and welcome every illumination, however faint, every attraction towards him. It is especially important to be more earnest for improvement, for a deep, real purification of our minds, than for consolation. Comfort will spring up in the path of Christian progress.

My Dear Madam:—

BOSTON, April 5.

I am encouraged to write you by the cheering assurance in your last that you had gained from my letter a gleam of comfort. I thank God for enabling me to shed even a gleam over your troubled spirit. I hardly promised myself more, because your difficulties are of a kind which moral influence alone cannot remove. You ascribe them to outward causes, to the mysteries of Scripture and Providence. But other persons look on Scripture and Providence with trust and joy. Why do you differ? Have you not learned that we are all apt to owe *the hue of our own mind* to what we look on. You suffer from mental morbidity, connected, I have no doubt, with physical causes, and outward, as well as inward means, must contribute to your cure.

Since receiving your letter, three days ago, two cases have fallen under my notice of persons of superior intelligence and views reduced to a deep melancholy by a diseased state of moral sensibility, which I could trace in a great measure to physical difficulties. In neither case are there any of the doubts which torment you. The views taken of religion by these individuals are rational and mild, and yet a measure of your gloom pervaded over their spirit. I believe that a wiser education, helping them to distinguish between the actual and passive state of their minds, will save future generations from much of our mental suffering. Posterity will see *nerves* where we see *demons*. I am sorry to see you so troubled by particular *texts* and particular *events*. These must often be perplexing to us because we see few of their connections. When disturbed by these, I take refuge in broad views of nature and reve-

lation which God in his goodness affords me. I look around on the universe. How beautiful, how vast, how full of order, harmony, and beneficence! And I cannot but feel myself encompassed by love. It is now Sunday morning, and I have just read to my family the exquisite description of spring and the seasons in the sixty-fifth Psalm; and, as I look out from my window on the serene sky, on the oceans of light which the sun is shedding over the earth, on the budding tree and the tender grass, I see, I feel, that the universe, regarded in its permanent and boundless arrangements, is an ever living and present witness of the perfection of its Author. The Creator is to be judged by the grand laws of the system rather than by isolated events: and these are evidently wise and beneficent. Take the law of gravitation which binds the universe together. This may cause a falling stone to crush an individual. But try to conceive of its sublime operation, of the beautiful order it establishes between the sun and planets, between the earth and all things which live and move on its surface, and what an infinity of good does this single law every moment produce! I am not insensible to the *evils* of life,—as you will see in a discourse which I sent for you to Miss R. I will not repeat what I there said, but will only observe that I am less and less troubled with these. I am more and more assured that our happiness and dignity lie not in what we call enjoyment, but in action, energy, putting forth and unfolding our powers, especially our noblest powers; and I do see that, among the excitements to energy of thought, feeling, disinterested love, faith, and hope, suffering, in one form or another, holds an important, perhaps the chief, place. But, passing over such arguments, how can we believe that God has made rational beings for the purpose of torturing them forever? I feel that *I* would not do so for the universe,—nor would you; and can the Infinite Father, who has no temptation to wrong-doing, who is perfectly happy in himself, who has given me my knowledge of the right and good,—can he be guilty of this enormous, unprovoked, gratuitous cruelty? You cannot seriously believe it. In moments of gloom, when reason is almost prostrated, we may fear this, and distrust almost anything; but bring the matter systematically, deliberately before your mind, and you must repel it as you would a palpable contradiction. You ask my opinion about particular texts. I read Scripture as I do nature: that is, I take *broad* views of it. The Scriptures, written ages ago, made up of fragments, composed in different ages, written in a foreign language, in a different stage

of society, and in distant regions (written, too, not with logical accuracy, but in the bold, free style of the imagination and heart), must of necessity contain many obscure passages. I expect them, and they do not trouble me. I read the whole Gospels, and from all I see, as clear as the sun's light, that Jesus is the *friend* of the human race ; that he came on a work of *mercy* ; that he reveals the parental goodness of God in his sinful human family ; that he professes divine aid to our weakness ; that he teaches the true perfection of our nature in order that we should seek it ; that he opens before us immortal life, unbounded blessedness ; that he places this within the reach of every human being ; that he always speaks to us as free and accountable, and assures us that nothing can make us miserable but our own chosen disobedience. Such is the *spirit* of the Gospels. I cannot mistake it, and before the brightness of this truth difficulties vanish. You ask me many questions about the resurrection of the body. I see, in general, that it is highly reasonable to expect some physical organization in the next world, because progress is the law of the universe ; and, were man to pass from his present gross corporeal existence into a purely spiritual being, the transition would be so violent as to contradict all our analogies. I believe that we receive this organization at the moment of death ; for I see no reason to anticipate a suspension of consciousness for ages. Whether this will be the only resurrection, or whether there is to be a future change designated by that term, whether judgment passes on each man at death, or whether there is also to be a universal, simultaneous judgment, I cannot confidently say. That much of the language about judgment is taken from human judicature we know ; and if you will turn to John's Gospel, twelfth chapter, forty-seventh and forty-eighth verses, you may see reason to give a more spiritual interpretation of Christ's language on this point than you have done. But I feel no anxiety to settle the precise import of Scripture on this point. No matter how or when I am to exist hereafter, what I want to know is whether I am indeed immortal, whether God desires my happiness and progress without end, whether I have the means of this good, whether I am ripe for perfection, for triumph over all evil, and receiving assurance on these points from revelation and from God's voice. Furthermore, I can afford to be ignorant about a thousand details, and have nothing to do, but strive for the prize set before me.

You also propose questions about the *Devil*, — a subject about which I can say little positively, and am very willing to be ignorant.

The Devil is no part of the gospel. Jesus found the notion among the Jews, as well as other nations. We have not the slightest information that it was ever communicated by revelation. Its origin may easily be traced to the imagination and fears of men in earlier ages. The common notion of the Devil is absurd and contradictory, and makes him the chief of fools as well as demons. There are, however, passages in the New Testament which seem to imply that a powerful spiritual being acts as a tempter to mankind. These passages are probably accommodations to the prevalent modes of thought and speech. But that such a being is possible, as I feel my great ignorance of the spiritual world, I cannot speak confidently. Nor does the notion seem to deserve any anxious thought. Dismiss or keep the Evil One, the gospel remains the same. Human life remains the same. Satan is brought in to explain the temptations of the present state. Now, these temptations are plain matters of fact. They belong to life. No matter whether they come from a spiritual being or from our own nature. In either case their amount is the same. Why trouble ourselves about their source? For the Devil's own sake, I should be pleased to know that he does not exist; for it is painful for me to think of a being so powerful given up to crime, malignity, and hate. But if he exist, he is under the same control with wicked men. It is almost impious to make him a second God as some do. Luther was more rational when he called him "caitiff," and drove him away by laughter and scorn. I dissuade none from believing in the Devil; but I beseech them not to fear, but to resist him.

I can only notice one more question of yours,—that about "the sin against the Holy Ghost." This sin was committed by them (as you will see by consulting the *Gospels*) who ascribed Christ's miracles to Beelzebub. They called the *Divine Power*, the Holy Spirit which was in him, an "Infernal Power,"—and in so doing they not only manifested the height of impiety and malice, but cut themselves off from repentance by rejecting the very evidence on which the truth of God rested. They turned the very attestations of Christ's divinity into grounds of rejecting and contemning him. On this account their pardon seemed impossible. There seemed no access to repentance. We know that all sin which is repented is forgiven, and no sin is unpardonable but that which excludes repentance. Let me add that when Jesus spoke of the sin against the Holy Spirit as unpardonable he used. . . . It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter

the kingdom of heaven. I see not that any being in this age of the world is in danger of the sin against the Holy Spirit as committed by the Jews, and I am sure none can commit it who are anxious to avoid it.

I have not time to answer your other questions at length. Moses did not teach a future state, because the great end of his religion was to keep a rude people true to the worship of one God amidst idolatry, requiring temporal, immediate, visible sanctions. In regard to immortality, the Jews are left to tradition and reason, as other nations were, and the new heaven and new earth are probably prophetic modes of expressing the universal triumphs of Christianity.

But I must stop. Allow me to beg you not to trouble yourself about matters of secondary moment. There are, and must be, dark passages in such a book as the Bible. Let them pass as designed for other times and other persons. Our salvation cannot depend on our acuteness in interpreting texts, but on our humble and resolute obedience to what God reveals to our understanding and consciences. The great ideas of Christianity stand out in glorious relief. Holding these, I can afford to be ignorant about . . .

I have read many of the best commentators, and am grateful to them for their aid; but all the lights which they give are as nothing compared to the truth which a simple mind may gain from the plain passages of the gospel. Be willing to be ignorant; if possible, put to rest this anxious, inquisitive spirit, and think only of carrying into life, and cherishing in your heart, the pure and disinterested principles of the Sermon on the Mount. This temporary abstinence from agitating subjects would fit you to return to them with new resources of mind. At present, you will gain little, I fear, from discussion. You want relaxation, exercise, rest, for your overtired faculties. Turn, if you can, to try innocent pursuits: cease to be a theologian for a time, and I hope you will get new health of body and mind. You will accept this long letter as a proof of my deep interest in your state. If it does not satisfy you, accept it, I pray you, as a testimony of Christian affection. Very truly yours,

W. E. CHANNING.

P.S.—On one topic I have not written. You say you have lost a promising and lovely boy. I beg you to open your heart to the natural impressions which the loveliness of childhood makes on us. Be assured that God, who clothed that little being with his beauty,

and inspires you with the pure affection of a mother, is kinder than you are. Your love was a faint image of the divine. God took him away in love. Death has not severed your child from his best friend. The language of Christ in regard to children cannot be explained away. And who can be so inhuman as to wish to pervert those words of heavenly consolation?

HUSBAND, WIFE, CHILD.

BY A. P. PUTNAM.

As the Shunammite "came unto the man of God to Mount Carmel," Elisha bade his servant, Gehazi, go forth to meet her and say to her, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" To these interrogatories she answered, "It is well." We may, perhaps not inaptly, allow these words of the prophet and the Shunammite to suggest what we have to say on the subject of the family relation.

Not every wife and mother can say, in the higher meaning of the expression, "It is well." For while there are many wives and mothers who can say this and do say it; while there are many home circles which are the scenes of health, purity, concord, light and love, all the members helping each other in every noble way, and making their life-sphere a very type and promise of a heaven to come, there are others which chiefly tell of sin and sorrow; many others which are filled with mutual fear and distrust, with alienation and strife, with injustice, cruelty and moral degradation, and in which it is not well with husband, wife, or child.

God's great purpose in ordaining the home was to ensure the higher well-being of all who should enter it by marriage or birth. The home was designed to be a means of the proper education of all who might belong to it, whether parents or children. It is, in short, a school, than which, when rightly understood, no better exists or can be conceived of—

a school in which the members, old and young, are to care for and aid each other to the end that all may grow together into the noblest physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual development. There is no education which one receives in other institutions that can be compared in value with that which he acquires in an intelligent, refined, high-principled, well-regulated Christian home. Yet how few, after all, accept and practically realize this higher idea of the family relation! Marriage is, in numberless cases, a false, mercenary arrangement. It is a mere social convenience, or pecuniary gain. Or it is a blind impulse, a hasty indiscretion. Less frequently is it a wise and deliberate plan of life for the noblest perfection of character and for the most exalted happiness and joy, based upon genuine and enduring affection. What wonder, then, that the home, instead of being the most beautiful, blessed spot on earth, is so often the most wretched and miserable of places? What wonder that it is not well with the wife, or husband, or child?

With the wife. For unless this true idea of home, with a deep love underlying and inspiring it, animates and guides the husband, the bright hopes and cherished dreams of the wife are doomed early to be blasted. Alas, the wrongs and the sufferings, the disappointments and degradations, which the husband not seldom inflicts upon her whom he has solemnly promised to love, honor, comfort and protect! Wrongs, whose cruelty is only to be estimated by the measure of her fond anticipations and cloudless prospects, when, arrayed in bridal attire, she gave him her heart and hand. Stealing in upon her soul comes the first dread thought of affection that is growing cold. But this, she imagines, is an idle fear or fancy, and she again and again repels the intruder until indisputable neglect confirms in her mind the terrible, but yet unwhispered impression. More and more it becomes evident that his heart is not supremely and as formerly in its proper place, but that other haunts and associations, companionships and pleasures, have come in to lure away from her his loyalty and love. Nor is it hers to know, least of all to share, his club-room or theatre enjoyments, or whatever else occu-

pies so much of his time and care that he has but little left for his domicil and those who inhabit it. Perhaps there comes also the more appalling thought of his lapse from purity and virtue; and when the conviction of such infidelity to the marital vow is borne in upon the mind of the wife, it is as a worm at the root of all that is sweet and fair in her life. Yet from whatever cause the estrangement may come, how she will seek to win back the heart that threatens to break utterly away! Faithful before, she is more faithful than ever now. She will forgive him a thousand times all the past, if he will only be hers again. What watchful assiduities! What exclusive devotion to his interests! How all else is cheerfully given up which might interfere with the one object in view! How she will study his every look, catch every expression of the eye or lip, obey every frown, or gesture, or utterance, patiently, uncomplainingly, and with some secret hope that sustains her through it all! Not every one does this, but many do it to the bitter end. I do not say they are bound to do it, but I honor them for doing it, martyrs that they are. What will not a good wife do for one she loves? What oppressions will she not bear—what indignities upon all that is tenderest and loveliest in her nature—what sacrifices of comfort, position, enjoyment, and even of self-respect! There are women all about us in these populous towns and cities who are fighting just this great battle—gentle, refined, loving souls, who are struggling under these heavy loads and who keep the secret to themselves, except as you read it in the wan and joyless countenance, and who scarcely, if ever, know what it is to receive the simplest expressions of sympathy, or the slightest tokens of appreciation, from those who ought most to give them.

For there is nothing so grateful and helpful to a woman as these little manifestations of sympathy and appreciation of which I speak. They cost but little to the husband, but they are to the wife what dew and sunshine are to the plant or flower. You may say that this sympathy and appreciation may be sufficiently understood to exist without the corresponding word, or look, or manner to attest its reality. But it

is *not* sufficiently understood, and cannot be, without the external token. What the wife wants and needs is, to know by your repeated and never-failing assurances that you *do* enter into her thought; that you see and are not unmindful of the manner in which she strives to act well her part; that you are neither blind nor indifferent to all the nameless and assiduous attentions by which she seeks to smooth for you the way of earth and make you happy; and that the heart which you gave to her in the glad morning of your wedded life does not grow cold and careless with the passing years, but is warmer and truer still with every rolling sun. This will cheer and strengthen her to fulfill all the duties of her position, and make its very cares and drudgeries a beauty and a delight—even as a cross look, an ugly tone, a cutting word, a sulky mood, a studied neglect, a brutish insensibility, will almost kill her.

Ah, how true it is that many a husband reserves all his politeness and tenderness, his smiles and sympathies, his helpful gifts and service, for others than his own. You would think, to see such an one in the counting-room or at church, in the car or in the social circle, when he meets his neighbors or outside acquaintances, or is introduced to strangers and is on his good behavior, that here was one of the kindest and most loving of husbands. If he is thus friendly and fine to others, what, you say to yourselves, must be his thoughtful devotion to those who are, or should be, nearest and dearest? You could hardly persuade yourselves that all this gentlemanly deportment and Christian exterior is only a disguise which he assumes for times of need, as he mingles with men and women in the world, but that when he withdraws himself from their society and enters once more his abode and catches sight of wife and children, he throws off the mask and appears and acts the Satan which he is. You would not think it, would you? Take care, then, that nothing like this is ever seen in your own character and life.

Much is said about woman's right to engage in any honorable pursuit she may please to choose, to vote at the polls, and to hold office. I believe in that. But then there are rights

of the *home* which are hers also, and which are too often denied her through a want, on the part of the husband, of a fine, sympathetic understanding of her nature, and through a lack, also, of a just, generous, and yielding spirit. The home is peculiarly her own. She is its queen. She especially is set to direct its appointments, to create its atmosphere, and adorn its life. By nature, if not by education, she is fitted to throw around it the ineffable charm and make it the one lovely and blessed scene it was meant to be. What if all her ideas and plans, her wishes and aspirations, are rudely set at naught by stupid dissent, by contemptuous ridicule, by a stingy withholding of aid, or by the needless exercise of a mean and tyrannous disposition, whose only pleasure is to rule because it knows it has the power? Home then becomes a very different thing from what she intended it should be. Her ideal vision is dissolved. The paradise is not. She has no true, faithful, congenial helper, and again her life is one of lonely sadness and miserable monotony. Let the husband, we say, conduct his business as he may, and participate as he pleases in more public, or outside, though always legitimate affairs, and see, as he should, that the substantial supplies and general protection of the family are suitably provided for; but in the thousand little matters of arrangement and taste, of convenience and contrivance, let him yield to her whose judgment is vastly better in these things than his, and whose rights in respect to them are by no means subordinate to his own. Let him second her suggestions and encourage her endeavors, and let him, out of a noble and thoughtful spirit, bring into the home, as means and opportunity will allow, whatever contributions will best instruct its inmates and enrich its life, whatever will most effectually realize the wishes and aims of the wife and add to the common good. Let him not too arbitrarily have his own way and fall back upon his legal right, but see how altogether manly and well it is, sometimes, and not infrequently, to make these surrenders or concessions of which I speak.

I have spoken of the home as a school. It is especially a school in this, that it calls, at every step of its history, for

such surrenders and concessions from wife and husband both as I have alluded to ; in this, that it asks and demands that the two shall become one spirit as well as one flesh, by their constant effort to adapt themselves to each other through the exercise of a conciliatory and self-sacrificing disposition. I do not doubt that there are natures that are so utterly and irreconcilably incompatible with, and repugnant to, each other, that separation, though not divorce (except for flagrant, criminal infidelity) is advisable. But this is exceptionally the case. The frequency and ease with which divorce is granted in some of our states is one of the most alarming evils of society. The truth is, that the greater proportion of the so-called incompatibilities and uncongenialities of domestic life, which are so often made the ground for the disruption of the matrimonial bond, are inadmissible as a justifying ground for any such dissolution, and could be readily overcome and blotted out of existence if the parties most concerned had only the will to do it. A couple are no sooner married than they find that differences of opinion and mutual jars ensue, and all is not gold that glistened ; and then one or both straightway imagine that there is no remedy but in ruthlessly breaking the solemn, sacred tie that binds them. A vague, restless feeling seizes upon one or both, producing discontent, engendering a certain thought of present bondage which exists mostly in fancy, and creating a feverish desire for other associations and spheres which are supposed to be more fitted and providentially designed for the mind and heart. No escape, it is said, but in cutting the knot. It is a delusion. The marriage relation, in all its history, was never expected, perhaps, to be *entirely* free from misunderstandings and discords. Foolish to think that the whole mutual life can flow on, like the earlier stream, without a ripple or eddy. Home is a school, a discipline, whereby husband and wife are to grow into each other, getting rid of their angularities, harmonizing their peculiar characteristics, and more and more becoming one in thought, sympathy, and life. The true blessedness of wedded souls is not ensured by a simple exchange of plighted faith. It comes through and after many

a self-denial, many a crucifixion of the will, many a scourging of the resentment, anger, pride, vanity, and passion of the heart. It is true here, as in other relations, that he who saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall save it.

See, moreover, what a mutual service husband and wife may render in supplying, the man to the woman, elements of character and influence which constitutionally she lacks, and, conversely, the woman to the man what he also is in want of. Marriage is education. If it be true that the husband possesses more strength of character and force of will than the wife, it is then in his power to supplement her deficiencies. In the same manner he, too, may gain from her the tenderness, the meekness, the refinement and grace, which are so characteristic of her sex and which he himself so often needs. The service is reciprocal, and is indispensably necessary in order that both may attain to the finest growth of character and richest fruition of life. Let not one of these souls despise the nature of the other because of its unlikeness to itself, but rather see therein the very attributes and qualities which are best fitted to give symmetry and completeness to its own spiritual edifice. Accursed the man who accustoms himself to look only with contempt upon woman as but the embodiment of weakness, and not as the equal sharer of God's gifts with himself, destined as well as he to run the great race of glory, honor, and immortality.

In thus speaking of the mutual, reciprocal service of husband and wife, the implication is that he, too, may be the sufferer, as well as she. And so he often is, but not so frequently. Not seldom, indeed, may also the sad negative be given to the interrogatory, "Is it well with thy husband?" He, too, may miss a true sympathy and a just appreciation in regard to all his labors, struggles, and cares. What if she who should be his helpmeet is only an ornamental, expensive, or useless appendage? What if, instead of seeking to qualify herself more and more for the practical duties and solemn responsibilities of her position, she is content to live only in the realm of reverie and romance, or is given over to gossip,

fashion, amusement and vanity? What if she indulge in needless habitual complaints and discontents, in groundless and annoying suspicions, jealousies, or insinuations? What if, knowing her husband's faults or more unhappy peculiarities of mind or temper, she delight in pecking, by teasing, invective, or railery, at the sore and sensitive places?

“O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant.”

For it often happens that these arrows of crimination, or wit, wound the heart at the very centre, and that delicate thing we call *love* cankers and dies at the very touch of the poisoned barb. Husband and wife, however deep their mutual affection, cannot afford to trifle with each other's feelings, and they who begin life together may well guard against the first approach of this enemy of their peace—this devil of the home.

“What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree,—
Where the apple reddens,
Never pry,—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I!”

No, it is not well with husband or wife, except as they ever seek to strengthen and comfort each other, and by joint effort to build themselves up in all that is noble and fair. There is no relationship or sphere on earth, that can be made to minister to the good of the soul so much as this—filling it with all sacred light and power, purity and peace. And there is none, too, let me say, that can be made so instrumental to blast and ruin the immortal nature. For if there is a hell to be found anywhere in this world of ours, it is to be seen just there, where love is dead, all true idea of marriage or of home is absent, and the man is dragging the woman or the woman the man, or both are pulling each other, down to the low level of vulgar, aimless existence, of degrading thought and tastes, or of wretched, ceaseless strife

and unrest. Many a husband's soul has been wrecked by a vain, worldly, or heartless wife—many a wife's by a coarse, sensual, brutal husband. Marriage is a rock of danger as well as of safety.

What shall I say, then, in view of these considerations, but this, that the home is never truly home except as the marriage union is sanctified by God and the whole domestic life is ruled and blessed by the law of the spirit of Jesus Christ! This alone it is that surely exalts and redeems. I care not how bright and beautiful may seem the future that now opens itself to affianced hearts, nor how fine the mansion or elegant the appointments which they may call their own, nor how refined their tastes, how choice their associations, or how abundant their stores—there is no immunity from peril, no realization of the highest bliss, unless the Lord of life and glory abide in the house, its ever welcome and cherished guest and friend. A shadow rests upon every family circle where his name is not known, where there is no open or secret voice of prayer, and where is not inculcated with sedulous care the profoundest reverence for God, for Christ, for Scripture; for the institutions and observances of our holy religion; and for the mighty, heavenly truths, principles, and realities that outlast the perishable and fleeting things of earth and time. This alone it is, I repeat, that truly exalts and redeems, purifying love and strengthening trust, eliminating every discordant element and perfecting every sacred tie, creating in each soul a deeper, tenderer interest for the lasting good of the other, lessening the crosses and glorifying the daily cares of life, giving a juster significance to the marriage union and a loftier elevation to its multiform experiences and allotments, and diffusing everywhere a gracious atmosphere of "sweetness and light."

Without question the wife is more apt than the husband to be interested in these great spiritual concerns and to feel how necessary is religion to the right order, the supreme beauty, and the real safety and welfare of the home; and I know how often her aspirations and desires are balked by the chilling indifference or the positive discouragement of a

worldly-minded husband. But it is his to learn that not to her alone, but to him also, comes the imperative call of the Christ that he should consecrate himself to the service of God. He may not, as many do, lay the flattering unction to his soul that religion is something which it is very well for woman to concern herself about, but not for strong, active, busy men of the world. Ay, it is because he is plunged daily into that great world of stir, toil, care, and temptation that he needs all the more the safeguards and inspirations of the Christian faith, and all the influences and encouragements which a Christian home may give him. He, too, has a soul to save, and for him, too, Christ has died. Marriage has a mission to fulfill for his *spiritual* well-being, even more than for his bodily comfort, social advantage, and earthly prosperity. How to make it most subservient to his eternal blessedness may well be his study and care. Nay, how to make it subservient to the growth of husband and wife alike, in grace and in knowledge, is the one great, practical problem for both of them together to solve. Here, also, is the demand for mutual service. Neither soul lives for itself alone. Each is the keeper, in no small degree, of the other, and will be held largely responsible for its fate at last. They can, if they will, work to each other's moral undoing, and they can, if they choose, walk hand in hand in Christian companionship, and with mutual helpfulness rise together to heaven. "For how dost thou know, O wife," says Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians, "but that thou mayest save thy husband? or how dost thou know, O husband, but that thou mayest save thy wife?" Then, indeed, are woven bonds of endearment which time nor death can break. Memories are stored up for the future which it will be one of the joys of immortality to recall. Then it shall be well with the husband and well with the wife, forever.

Well, moreover, shall it be with the child. Growing up in the sunshine and peace of God's presence—living in the light of holy, parental counsel—defended, strengthened, and sanctified by the influence of a truly Christian home, he is better and still better prepared to encounter the dangers and

duties that await him and to gain the final victory. The storms may bend and break, but the root is there, firmly planted in the solid earth, and sooner or later it shall spring up again into vigorous and enduring forms of loveliness and beneficence. No good seed is lost in the wondrous economy of the divine Husbandman. Everything that is sown to his glory comes at last to flower and fruitage. The husband's care and the wife's devotion, a father's admonitions and a mother's prayers, every pious lesson, loving thought, watchful attention and blessed deed—all shall come up in God's good time and to the praise of His name. It is well with the child when thus in the early years he has lived in the home where Christ hath had his abode—but it is not so well for him if the home has witnessed a constant round of worldliness and frivolity, or the perpetual reign of querulousness and anger, or the ceaseless sway of impurity, unbelief and sin. Weak and vain the armor with which he then goes forth to fight the battles of life, and terrible the responsibility of those who have not put on him the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation.

Realize, I beseech you, how sacred and solemn a relation is this which binds together husband and wife. Enter it not thoughtlessly and frivolously, but with a due sense of its awful sanctity and of the extending and everlasting consequences which flow from it. Let husbands and wives, as they begin this new year of grace, bury in one common receptacle and forever the slights and resentments, the piques and the animosities, the mistrusts and alienations, the self-will and pride of opinion, the wrongs and neglects, the unkind thoughts and cruel words, the sullen looks and the shameful deeds, that distress and divide though it be in ever so small a degree. Down with them all into the darkness and death which so well befit them. Give room to all the more celestial visitants—to Faith and Hope and Charity; to a tender sympathy, a helpful spirit, and a patient forbearance; to a pure loyalty, a self-sacrificing devotion, and a great, generous, forgiving, loving heart. Count it an inestimable privilege that you can be promoters of each other's joy. Build for

yourselves characters that shall withstand the shocks of time and shall grow richer and fairer as the generations roll. Put into them the oaken timber and the solid granite, and let the adornments thereof be beauty and grace. Let the retrospect of earth gaze back to the one cherished spot where life and love were not in vain, and where with clasped hands and united hearts you took sweet counsel together and laid in stores for eternity. Remember, and do not forget, that the hour hastens on which must sunder the visible bond that connects you, and when the silent lips and folded hands of your dead shall tell you that there is no more that you can do for them. Piously serve while you can and may, before the night comes and the unavailing tears are shed. Live, by Christ's help, as you will wish you had, when the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken. So live that when the parted circles shall meet again, you can all say with one accord, "It is well;" and there shall come stealing through the soft airs and holy light around you the welcome, responsive voice of the Father, "It is well."

A SINGING SCHOOL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY W. E. A.

MR. RUSH's friends, and respectable strangers, are invited to look in upon him at his singing-school. A few preliminary remarks may be essential to the understanding of matters and manners in a past and unfamiliar age. In a seaport town of four thousand inhabitants, some fifty years ago, the annual or biennial singing school was absolutely essential to the maintenance of decent church music. Mr. Rush best knew the existence and pressure of this want. Having, for many years, figured as leader of the First Parish choir, he had not now to learn that musical bodies are liable to fluctu-

ations, often sudden and severe, sure soon or late; and that upon himself it must depend to render them harmless. The material, raw and unkempt, and needing much pains to lick into shape, was abundant in the several grades of society which met at church on common ground. But, "They all, with one consent, began to make excuse," when expected services were as unpalatable as they were gratuitous — and to a parish well able to pay for them. Besides the feeling of inadequacy of attainment, a reluctance to commit themselves in a tremulous duet or solo in public, with every eye upon them, while choking with embarrassment; or, on the other hand, a jealous looking after rights and privileges, seats of distinction and comparative eligibility, old hates and miffs, or too great a desire to put others forward, — these, and other matters of great consequence, to the green and uninitiated, and to nobody else, tied his hands and sent him an importunate beggar for favors where he should have had rights. Singers of any and every quality were of great consequence to him, because volumes of sound must depend upon the number of voices, — the bass-viol and a few light wind-instruments serving to guide and tune their respective classes of singers, rather than lend independent aid to musical effect. At present the matter is reversed. The great organ is now the choir. Wooden thunders roll heavily through the house, jarring no small portion of the audience to vertigo and nausea, — leaden voices warble out of tune, and scores of shrill fifes and penny-whistles complete the torture so auspiciously begun on lower keys; when ambitious performers, of little science and less taste (as often happens), are allowed to preside at the instrument, because they are poor and cheap, too truly! A quartette of ladies and gentlemen are supposed to accompany the organ to give utterance and expression to sacred poetry. But this must generally be taken on trust. Words are lost in volumes of sound, and expression in the meretricious arts and graces, borrowed from a fashionable, but wholly different style of music. In the days of which we speak, organs were very uncommon in the smaller towns. The choral organ must therefore be built and tuned every

week, with supply for repairs. A difficult point was it to keep up four parts, in full voice, at all times. For, though a reliable nucleus might remain, often had caprice or necessity robbed him of young singers, whose fine melody he spared with regret. Good counter-voices at twelve suddenly became a special horror in music at fifteen ; and young ladies, tuneful as nightingales for years in the front gallery, on finding mates, had dropped from the wonted spray at his side into the domestic nest below, forever dumb ! In short, new recruits were to be enlisted all the time, for actual or prospective service, and drilled in special seasons of camp duty with frequent parades of private training in parlor concerts, before being drafted into the ranks of veterans and regulars. Whenever, therefore, a special "falling off" in the quality of church music became notorious, a committee of the parish might be expected to wait upon Mr. Rush, on a leisure evening, with proposals for a singing school.

A class is to be opened this evening. We go out on the great street a few minutes before the appointed hour, and, as we walk perhaps three-quarters of a mile, gather, from many doors, a straggling procession of young and older persons, bent in the same direction, upon the same sidewalk. Merry voices are heard above the hum of talk pervading the crowd. Turning the corner of a street leading to the vestry, we pass the church, under its powerful bell, as it gives the first stroke of seven o'clock. Electric thrills run over the nerves as it reiterates its solemn peal, echoing, re-echoing all around the great dome of the heavens. The silence of awe succeeds for a few moments. Mirth is effectually checked. Whispers succeed shouts and loud laughter. Besides, though the moon is not up, suddenly is visible a shadowy form, of gigantic breadth and stature, gliding along a narrow path between a row of large, old poplar-trees and a high, close fence. It neither turns, stops, nor speaks, but glides, ever noiseless, in shadow a little in advance of us, until, on approaching the open vestry door, a flood of light reveals Mr. Rush, in all the majesty of ample cloak and beaver, as he enters and is lost to view !

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It is not necessary to describe a parish vestry in New England, except to remark that on three sides of a hollow square at one end of the room (in which a stove stood, blushing that it could diffuse no more comfort on so cold an evening) long desks, prepared for the choir's books and manuscript-music, amply accommodated as well the singing school. As we enter, the apparitional cloak appears, suspended by its silver hook and chain against the wall, the beaver crowded over the neck. Little boys, familiar with Miss Taylor's admirable ballad of "The Little Fisherman," in her volume of "Original Poems," are suffering tortures of the imagination every time their eyes fall upon it. After much deliberation, Mr. Rush finds himself all right, and proceeds to take from the skirt-pocket of his coat the joints of his one-keyed, yellow flute (companion of his youth and solace of advancing age), and fit them together. Then, by repeated sightings along the tube, he ascertains that the holes range in a right line (the short cut for groping sounds to find their way out to light from this dark tunnel), pulls out the sliding top-joint a little, and the "continuation" to match; screws the cork scarce a hair's breadth, lifts the instrument to the extreme corner of his mouth (on the left), in a manner altogether peculiar to himself, and in full, sweet, silvery tones makes his invariable flourish upon favorite points of the gamut. His fastidious ear approving, he lays it for the present on the desk. A few well-considered remarks open the school for the season. He now draws from the assembly, and marshals, all his pupils according to voice and attainments. Thus far all is plain sailing, but beware of squalls and breakers! For, mind you that something more is requisite in aspirants for musical honors than a tolerable voice, leathern lungs, and ears of great longitude. A tuneful soul must tune the delicate ear and tremble on the tongue. These all, however, are gifts of Nature, liberally, not universally, nor indiscriminately, bestowed, though culture may do something with small natural endowments.

Perfectly at ease, yet with well-bred dignity, the master and teacher, neglecting pupils of previous classes, takes a

position in front of a row of young ladies. With a word of explanation, having "the pitch" from his sweet flute, he elevates his true, sonorous voice, in a semi-breve of medium altitude, and listens along the line for unison or discord. From a rattling of short, diffident responses (resembling irregular volleys of musketry at a sham fight), let off at every possible grade, his quick ear is able after some severe trials of patience and the risible muscles, to judge of the materials offered him. These are afterward thoroughly tried in various ways, tested, until the evanescent quaver is divested of its appogiatural character, and, though quaver still to every ear, is tuned to accord with the note offered to its acceptance. So at every bench, shrill tenor voices respond as through a comb covered with thin paper, or, if smooth, a very little flat. Boys on the counter crow like young chanticleer, or fall into ruins from a high note; and sons of Neptune or of Vulcan drop into unfathomable depths of sound, which, like the lion's roar, seem to come up everywhere through the floor, and give no hint of origin or relation to other sounds. Failing at this bench to govern tones by his voice, he quietly walks to an obscure corner of the room and returns with a violoncello in its green bag. After wailings and shrieks upon some strings, and groans of comical agony on others, and discords, gliding into tune, a "a-tub-tub-tub" goes on for a little time on one of the bass strings with thumb and finger—until the *bow*-ideal of perfect tune is attained.

Leaving him to see-saw upon his ball of *resin*, the nervous twitches of his elbows and fingers being as mysterious as useless to greenhorns, and the *drudgery* of instruction in first rudiments too dry for our purpose; observe the aged sexton in attendance, a short, thick-set man, stooping with years, with a roll in his gait (he having followed the sea some years) as if his ship were wallowing in the waves. He has a little, round, bullet head, which, but for the wig you see him often pressing on with open palm, or pulling down about the ears and forehead as if unsafe from his lurching gait, would shine with a highly polished skin, fringed with silvery hair.

His intellect is but a narrow one, serving him sufficiently in his humble duty; but his heart may compare favorably with the largest and kindest on earth. He is about completing the distribution of additional candles (tallow dips) in small tin candlesticks, helped out by cubes of wood or halved-potatoes bored in the centre. Formerly, the pupils furnished their own light. A grotesque museum of every conceivable form of illuminator, from the little acorn-lamp or candle twinkling at a great height from a tall candlestick of brass, to the glow-worm taper, or hand-lamp in feminine habiliments, was the deplorable result. Insufficient at best, they were sometimes brought unreplenished, or emptied by accident, perhaps altogether forgotten, or if candles, broken or more than half used up. This arrangement was intolerable, and gave place to a uniform supply, based upon equitable assessments. Though his head, like an inverted pendulum, is constantly moving through some large arc or other, he is never dizzy, but, with unerring certainty, snuffs every candle with thumb and finger—a perfect marvel to the boys of firmness and dexterity! It is, by the way, the only mode in which he takes snuff, though a victim to the weed in other forms.

The old man is extremely conscientious. I speak of it here to draw attention to that special question of casuistry which weighs heavily indeed, during these evenings, upon his judgment, his conscience and his heart. The candle-ends are his lawful perquisite! You perceive at once that, to a poor man of much honorable feeling, the precise moment must be a matter of much comparative consequence when, without suspicion of rapacity, on the one hand, or a weak waste, on the other, he may boldly and under the very Saturine gaze of his patrons, avail himself of his privilege.

Suddenly he bears away for the outer door, where a slight disturbance has occurred; fires a broadside of indignant invective upon a fleet of young street-buccaneers, without manners or morals, who had gathered in the offing for mischievous sport. Returning, with a small prize in tow, he comes to anchor half an hour near the stove.

Neglecting particulars of routine, we will imagine Mr. Rush to have taught several weeks, with his usual success. Personal attention to individuals being no longer necessary, he now seldom descends from the "Speaker's Chair." "Fa, sol, la," is fast becoming obsolete: the "*mi*," that slippery eel of personal identity, has been cornered and become reliable: varieties of time, measure, and movement easily noted: up and down of the gamut safe for young and impotent feet: key-notes, in bass and tenor, in major and minor modes, readily discoverable, and the class prepared, "with feeble steps and slow," to go through with common tunes from the book in the words to which they are set. From "Barby," "Dundee," "Old Hundred," slow and sure advance is made to a quicker time and more stirring music, old fashioned, or in more modern taste. At last, after chameleon forms of common psalmody, the ambitious anthem, the spiritual chant and select manuscript-music have all been overrun, if not conquered; to crown the whole, one of those rapid, intricate, bewildering figures, known only to Billings and Holden, in which the several parts puzzle each other like a half-dozen reckless fire-engines in full cry at a fire, is practiced up to the spirit of the original idea; and the few lessons that remain are less tasks than musical reunions. But they carried on rapidly a good work begun in toil long continued, but crowned at last with success. How much of its comfort sprang from them! how much of its social, nay, its individual life were shaped by them, and so far blest! The interminable "tral-lal-lal" is banished from the kitchen by a better taste, the wretched hum of a vacant mind tickles or rasps the ears of a suffering family no longer—an inexpressible relief to many homes—the dismal "by-low-by" of cradle song is abolished, and the little angel is wafted in dreams to heaven as the spirit of Mozart and Beethoven breathe sacred airs in the deepening twilight. Parlor concerts also open another source of innocent pleasure and lend wings to wintry hours. Aye, many a running noose, flung over young people unawares at the singing school, has been drawn by the soul of music into "true-love knots" in after months or years. Ah! how well

remembered, these many years, are the blue eyes and exquisite treble of a rustic belle, which pierced through and through the susceptible heart of a young sailor who was waiting for his ship! Not less were brown skin, ungloved, hard hands forgotten in the attractions of a manly energy and a warm heart. There, too, the little lord of a small private school in the centre of the town came and breathed a fine taste and silvery tenor in the ears of fair aristocrats, who in pure benevolence, no doubt, were lending aid to the respected chorister in improving church music. But with no ring of coin were the silvery sounds accompanied, or followed in the lapse of years, alas! And many unsuspected attachments, warming and strengthening into union for life, began in the heart-music which fell upon the ear, week by week, aye, trembled tenderly through many folds of winter clothing in those evening walks—not accidental!

But when, on Sunday, a large portion of the population of the town was swept into the vast area and galleries of the ancient church, as was then the constant custom, twice in the day and sometimes in the evening, blest were the labors of Mr. Rush to all ears, often rewarded in secret benedictions. Decayed music in the sanctuary is painful to every pious heart. But rich, full chords from a good choir, tuned from the very soul as no other organ but the human voice can be tuned, fall on the ear in some spiritual hymn, each delicate nerve highly charged with pure and elevated sentiment, spreading influences around, which bring the better nature into harmony with the place and the hour. Many a preacher has had reason to bless the vernal airs which, through fine psalmody, have penetrated into a cold, gravelly soil, and softened it for the reception of the truth.

We have leisure to look around and note any matter of interest at hand. We soon observe, with surprise, the grotesque mimicry played off on our respectable, dignified instructor by his shadow on the wall as, all unconscious, he plies his vocation. Now it swells into a giant, whose features are lost in vastness; now shrinks to a more exact copy of the man. At every turn of the head or body, the most

surprising caricatures of him exist and vanish occasionally, or linger in a ludicrous attitude. Ah! there is a nose, a moment since scarcely visible, now darting across the wall and corner-post, around to the window on the *other* side of the room, perfectly huge, running out to a sword-like point! The projecting head being fixed for some time, the post and window are thus transfixed. Now the leader lifts a hand to beat the time, and forthwith an immense club of shadow threatens to dash out his brains. As he takes his flute to give the pitch, his colossal image seizes a fence-rail, and goes through the same ceremony with perfect gravity. As the flute moves impressively in marking time, a sweeping shadow threatens the safety of all, and shrinks to nothing again, every moment through the tune. A penumbra is accidentally created, which heightens the effect of the relentless ridicule. But when a corpulent old "gentleman of color" anticipates Mr. Rush in taking a chair in the corner, and pretends, upon a mere shadow of his violincello, to show him better how it should be handled and played, taking the business quite out of his hand with insufferable impudence, a little covert mirth runs around the room, which the good man is too busy to perceive.

You may have observed the old sexton very uneasy for some time past. Often has a little, black spherical timepiece appeared, and nearly as often the fob with it, returned with difficulty, soon to reappear. The precise moment so long expected seems at length to have arrived. Assuming a large lantern, resembling a "powder-house," not glazed, but punched roughly with fancy apertures, transmitting light, but imprisoning incendiary sparks, he kindles an inch of candle and glides out of the room. It is hardly gone when nine o'clock strikes, and forthwith the great bell is heard explaining the mystery in its evening chime. Swinging long, it attains a vertical posture, and "sets." Three several times a double stroke is heard as it sets by order of the town. Then the old bell-man, yielding to the horrors of solitude in the grim, ghost-peopled tower, attended only by his feeble lantern, leaves the bell to ring itself down from the last setting in a

frenzy of freedom, enacting the death agony of a boa constrictor in the dark, while with key in hand he hurries away to brighter duties. His appearance just now is mysterious to people not familiar with the art of ringing bells from steeples. For, as he enters, the last few strokes touch, at uncertain intervals, as faltering and bewildered; and when apparently done entirely, a last, loudest tone is struck, half double, which hums away into silence. Not one of its strokes has been lost upon teacher or pupil, though a powerful anthem has been in "full tide of successful experiment" during all the ringing. As Mr. Rush assigns his task for the next evening, books close spontaneously; a rustling movement becomes general. At his last word and pleasant bow, confusion ensues. A sort of polarity rules in it, however, by which garments are at once selected and donned in a hurry, and young persons separated during the evening make up duets or glee parties to walk home together.

Emerging from a close, hot room into the clear, pure, cold air of a January night, all the feelings and perceptions are instantly traced to the beauty of Nature in full evening dress. Not a cloud is visible, but a thin haze hangs near the earth, blending snow and azure sky, and brightening along the northern horizon. The moon is lifting but now her silver disk above roof and tree-top. Constellations are mapped in gems upon the firmament, and the fixed stars in diamond dust twinkle through infinite space. Jupiter, large and intensely brilliant, and other lesser lights flash and sparkle through the heavens. Buildings appear in drapery of black velvet and cloth of silver. Shop and bank signs, huge brazen knockers and latches, show themselves in burnished gold by moonlight. The sea, a quarter of a mile distant, after the storm of yesterday, breathes audibly, sighs, roars along the beach, bursts, and rushes upon icy rocks. Rows of ancient trees, bald of foliage, and antique chimneys, give sigh for sigh, and roar in the brisk wind. Crisp, pebbly snow crackles under a hasty tread. Frosty air tingles at ears' and fingers' ends, pinches nostrils, swells lungs to difficult respiration. We pass "down street" in solid column,—

whole platoons of ladies officered by a few beaux, in actual commission, or for the present waiting enlistment, marching to the music of their own merry voices. Now comes lumbering by the eastern mail-stage, enveloped in green baize, — an awkward, inverted trapezoidal box, on double-runners, drawn by four fleet, gray horses, in charge of a veteran of the whip, proudly keeping the very centre of the street, regardless of light cutters dashing by. Now we overtake a mammoth load of English hay, a *mow* peripatetic, on its thirty-miles' journey to an early market in the city, gliding, crushing, creaking, sluing over polished tracks or pebbly snow, after pigmy oxen invisible under the hay as they move steadily onward. Squads of rowdy young men hang about doorsteps and street-corners, obstructing the sidewalk, jostling and pushing one another, to the thorough annoyance of parties or persons passing by, responding to civil remonstrance with profane and vulgar ribaldry. And when a rough voice wakes the echoes with a shout, mastiff, terrier, spaniel, and curs of low degree bark themselves hoarse.

Life in Mornington sets bedward at nine o'clock. Already shop-shutters bang heavily into socket, iron bands and bolts clang and rattle as they are secured. Glass doors are superseded by deal and padlock for the night. The air is slightly tainted with smoke of peat or smoldering brands from kitchen hearths. Rusty keys turn in front-door locks with a shriek which sets the teeth on edge and hair on end. Shovels grate harshly on the ear, and hisses from quenching sticks and back-logs press for a hearing as we pass contiguous parlors. Heads cautiously peep as curtains are drawn in chambers, and tapers suddenly show but a glimmer at the casement. *Hearts and diamonds* reveal through shutter-holes a *dishabille* that will not bear the light; or through the night the mother watches her fretful child, fans the pale cheek, or keeps sleep-destroying insects at bay from the bed of sickness and pain. Lights wander about lower rooms — pause — ascend — linger awhile in attics, and vanish. Repose, with downy breast and noiseless wings, hovers low to alight and brood over the town.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THANKSGIVING.

THIS great New-England day, which has been taken up by the people and made a national festival, has never probably been so extensively observed as it has been this year. No day in the calendar so commends itself to our household affections. It has always been peculiarly a family festival, when the scattered members of the household might come home to the old paternal roof, and for this once in the year, however frugal at other times, gather round a plenteous table, and with warm affections and good cheer render thanks to Almighty God. It has been a day when, if ever, domestic feeling and religious gratitude are alive; when the hearts of the old are made young; when son and daughter, coming back from their newly established homes, feel that they are children once more. It has been a day for talking over the incidents of early life,—the little childish experiences which linger on in the heart with growing sacredness as the years of our pilgrimage are lengthened. It is a day which bears the features of a more patriarchal age, and which carries us back to the olden times, and is filled with reminiscences of bygone generations. It is a day, too, when the heart, expanding with the sense of its own domestic happiness, remembers the stranger who has no home, and in its thankfulness for the abundance which God has given extends its blessings to those with whom “every harvest is scanty and every year unprosperous.”

We cannot, therefore, but rejoice in the more general observance throughout our land of this great home and harvest festival.

CONGRESS.

The meeting of Congress is always a matter of interest to the nation. The President's message must, we think, com-

mend itself to all fair-minded, patriotic men, with whom the interests of the country are more than the interests of a party. We welcome the recognition by the government of higher principles and influences than those which usually control the action of political bodies. Especially in the treatment of the Indians we are glad to acknowledge the humane and Christian policy which has been inaugurated under the auspices of President Grant. Where so many bad men are interested in perpetuating the old abuses, it is not strange that violent opposition should be made to any change; but we trust that the President will go on with his characteristic persistency in the wise and humane course which he has adopted,—extending the bounty of the nation, which is but justice, to all Indians who accept the conditions of peace, and holding up firmly to the retributions of the law those who choose to sustain themselves by acts of violence.

We have always had faith in our President as a man of great good sense and of perfect honesty, liable to mistakes as all men are, and especially all new men in places of great responsibility. But for a little while our faith has been shaken. The disposition shown by his particular friends and supporters in the Senate to evade and escape the thorough investigation into all the acts of the administration which it was proposed by Mr. Trumbull to authorize by the appointment of a special committee for that purpose, does not augur well for that section of the Republican party. Under the united and powerful influence of the national feeling, they have indeed changed their tone, and submit now apparently to the proposed investigations. But it is too late, and the measures now adopted are not thorough enough, to secure entirely the public confidence. When public men plainly wince or shrink from having their acts investigated in the most open and thorough manner, it is to the general public, who know little of partizan secrets, an evidence that something is wrong.

On the other hand, we rejoice to find that the President accepts the recommendations of the Civil Service Commission, and promises to do all that he can to cut off the abuses

in the appointments to office which have been such a means of corruption through the whole land.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

The visit to our country of this prince, whose personal bearing has been such as to command him to the respect of all who have met him, is to be looked upon as an evidence of the friendly regard of a great monarch, or at least as a proof that he feels it to be for his interest to secure towards himself the friendly regard of our people. It is singular that the most despotic government and the freest government in the civilized world should for nearly a century, during the whole period of our national existence, have always been on terms of the most kindly relationship. Whatever helps to perpetuate these friendly relations between two great nations should be looked upon with satisfaction by all lovers of peace and concord.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The almost hourly bulletins respecting the Prince of Wales during his dangerous illness were sought after by our people with hardly less of interest than in Great Britain. We remember pleasantly his visit here when he was a very young man. The accounts which we have had of him since then have not always been such as to increase our respect. But the two nations are so united by common interests and sympathies and blood, that what affects one deeply cannot but move the other. If, in our season of terrible affliction, the ruling classes in England sent out an exultant cry that "the Bubble of Democracy" had burst, and seemed to triumph in our sorrows, we do not forget that some of the leading minds and the common people of England stood firmly on our side, and that many there were intensely true to us and to our cause amid privations and trials almost as severe as our own people were subjected to. These things we do not forget. And the calamity which threatened England in the impending death of the heir to the throne, and the possible consequences of such an event, was felt here with a profound sympathy.

CUBA AND PARIS.

The judicial murder of medical student-boys, for a foolish and thoughtless act of desecration in a cemetery, excites on all sides among us a sentiment of execration and horror. So, the executions in France have done little to commend to our sympathies the government by which they were authorized. We turn with devout thankfulness to God for having saved us from any such act of savage vengeance even towards those who most deserved the heaviest retributions that violated laws and outraged humanity could inflict. But in our forbearance they have been paying a harder and heavier penalty than human governments can exact.

CORRECTION.

In our last number we said that Rev. Calvin Lincoln was not settled till after Dr. Gannett. A friend kindly informs us that the two friends were ordained on the same day, one in Fitchburg, the other in Boston.

THANKSGIVING.

The meadow floor is yellow yet,
And gleams with a golden gleam ;
Still, through its stubble thickly set,
Steals the silent, sluggish stream.

The spikes of grain in the sunlight
Wave not their silken hair ;
But still to the sea the waters bright
Their hidden jewels bear.

Still does the robin flit forlorn,
Though other birds have flown,
Through branches that, for glories shorn,
Make dreary, weary moan.

What of the teeming harvest store !
What of the laden wain !
Have to my heart the seasons bore
One ear of golden grain ?

I hear the song glad voices raise ;
 I see the banquet spread ;
 The thankful hymn of humble praise
 To sweet rejoicing wed.

Ah ! what fair spring-time flowers
 That bloomed in the summer past
 Have I, in these autumn hours,
 Gathered to garner at last ?

Even these alone : a heart more pure ;
 A spirit more surely shod ;
 A soul by faith grown more mature,
 With a clearer vision of God.

— *Harvard Advocate.*

EGYPT THIRTY-THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE important discovery is announced by M. Lanoye, and that five years old,—a subterranean chapel beneath the temple of Denderah, traceable back perhaps to Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, giving new currency to the hypothesis that the earliest religious edifices of Egypt were under ground.

But these ancient monuments throw many lights upon Jewish history. The cruel treatment of the Jews was not original with the Pharaohs who oppressed them. It is shown to be the traditional policy of this most conservative government—what had been even of old, and therefore would be readily repeated again. Another fact, curiously illustrating the Jews being driven into this land of plenty by the pressure of famine,—thirty-seven men, women, and children are depicted on a tomb in Sad, praying the viceroy for shelter and sustenance ; and they are of the Semitic race. The principal fact we take to be that the monumental inscriptions confirm the first book of Kings in regard to the capture and spoliation of Jerusalem by Sheshonk or Shishak. A remarkable correspondence can be traced between the customs of the two nations, making it probable that one proceeded forth from the other, so as to mingle their usages with its own, as in feeding the ovens with grass, in casting seed upon the waters, in signing with a ring instead of written names, in bottling liquors in skins of animals, in holding courts in the gateways, in the darkness of the inmost shrine of the temple, and the wings over the sacred chest. Such facts from authors like Wilkinson are far more valuable and unspeakably more interesting than Lanoye's half-imagined history of the ruthless conqueror, Ramesis the Great.

F. W. H.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

FAREWELL to eighteen hundred and seventy-one! It has been a year of sorrow, disaster, bereavement and suffering. In the Old World it has brought war with its desolations, its hatreds and its bloody trail through one of the fairest countries of Europe; and in the New World it has brought accidents and conflagrations involving more of distress and anguish than ever came to any people in time of peace. "Where is God now?" said an Atheist, with grim satisfaction at finding some proof as he thought for his godless no-creed, as he watched the leaps of the roaring flame that was devouring Chicago. It is the operation of natural laws, says another, not of a Divine Providence,—as if natural law had no lawgiver, or could have any operation unless the mind and energy of the lawgiver were immanent therein. And what is the imminence of God in man and nature, always working, but another name for the Universal Providence? Disaster and suffering on a larger scale and in grander proportions are not less providential than on the smallest scale and in individual life; not less when a hero perishes than when a sparrow falls; not less when a babe suffers and dies than when a whole city is ploughed through with conflagration. It has always been through suffering that mind has obtained its victories over matter. It has been through suffering that the grandest moral victories have ever been achieved. And so it will be till all the forces of nature have been yoked as the servants of humanity, and the spirit world is mirrored peacefully in the natural. Because we ignore or violate these laws we suffer. Hatreds and ambitions divide nations and peoples, and the slaughter and the bloodshed which they produce are their appropriate symbolization. The greed for gain and the love of material grandeur become absorbing and make men blind to the conditions of present safety, until violated law brings them back to their senses. It is our reckless rush and hurry in the race of life whereby the gaps are left open for the demons of disorder to come in. Over all and through all is the brooding and interworking Providence bringing home to us the great lesson of suffering, and opening more pro-

fusely the fountains of kindness for its alleviation. These lessons regarded, the results moral and humane will be more than compensations for the suffering and the sorrow.

Hail then to the New Year with bright hopes and anticipations! Hope largely and the fruition will be more likely to come. For the largest faith is that which takes God at his word most perfectly and so rises into a prophecy of the brightest future. Doubt and despondency are a distrust of the divine veracity, and when we forecast evil God takes us at our word and lets the evil come. Here then, at the threshold of 1872, pray aright and cast your horoscope aright, and you may see a pathway opening always into sunshine.

A SEANCE.

The strong argument for woman suffrage has been, that women at the polls will be a guarantee for the good behavior of the men, for purity and courtesy of speech, and for the purification of politics generally. We hope the *Seance* in New York, noticed and commented on by "The New-York Independent," is not a sign of what we are to expect in the new order of things. Bad men are bad enough, bad women are *very* bad and will be no better in politics than out of them. "The *Seance* at Steinway Hall," says "The Independent," "at which the distinguished Greek 'hiding under a woman's gown' held forth to a rabble more boisterous than the waves on the subject of Free Love, was certainly one of the dirtiest meetings that have been held in New York."

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S NEW BOOK.

Mr. Owen is the best and most reasonable writer on Spiritualism that we know of. His style is simple and clear, and he gives his facts and their vouchers; some of them facts of a very remarkable character. His new book bears the title of "The Debatable Land between this World and the Next." The only fault we should be disposed to find with his book would be that he sometimes forgets that the land *is* debatable, forsakes the purely Baconian method, and tries to pull down systems and build up in their place on too flimsy a foundation of fact and discovery. It is claimed in some quarters that the Spiritualists number five millions. This probably is an extreme statement, but there are multitudes of believers who do not profess their faith openly and numbers more who are almost persuaded but not quite. That there is a nucleus of fact, though

shrouded in a great deal of bombast, we think cannot be denied. Let us be patient and keep rigidly to the inductive method,— avoiding both mulish incredulity and the faith that takes imaginations for facts, and by and by we shall have the ground fairly won on which to build a broader spiritual philosophy, and one which will show both worlds in more open and harmonic relations.

LOVE OF THE CHURCH.

No church is worthy of the name if it does not inspire among its best minds a devout loyalty and tender filial love. It opens a home for the soul, if it be a true church of Christ, not only as a centre of rest and peace, but as a centre for the forthgoing of the most inspired and delightful activities. The English Church, with all its sins, must embody much of the spirit and love of Christ to inspire such lines as the following. We do not remember where they came from or where we first found them:—

“O England ! while the nations toss
Like waves on Adria’s wave,
Cling to thy Church that lifts thy cross
To stay, to heal, to save,
That trains thy youth in right and truth
And faith that spurns the grave.

“Thine oaken hearts, thine iron hands,
Thy billowy rampart wall,
Thy tribute stores from thousand lands,
Would only tempt thy fall
Lived not a power in yon low tower
To shield and prosper all.

“The quickening wave, the shadowy hand,
The living food of life,
The word of grandeur and command,
Prayer’s all-victorious strife,
These kept by thee shall keep thee free
While license round is rife.

“Home of my home ! of kindred friends,
Of all that love holds dear,
The prayer that for thy weal ascends
Mounts confident and clear.
Bless Lord with grace thy dwelling place,
For thou, too, dwellest here !

A PURE, BEAUTIFUL, AND UNSELFISH CHRISTIAN LIFE

serves as a revelation of heaven upon earth, and as such is a blessing to society, even to the society beyond the sphere of its immediate influence. It illustrates the possibility of overcoming the world, of holding all its pleasures and allurements in complete subordination, and making its means and privileges the opportunities of well doing and the channels of blessing and beneficence. There are many who overcome the world through struggles of privation, suffering and sorrow, and learn hence the denial of self and the world in entire consecration to the Lord and his service. More rare, we think, are the grace and the virtue of entire simplicity of character and unselfish devotion to the highest ends amid the continuous and unclouded sunshine of prosperity. But there are those who thus attain, and the encouragement that comes from their lives and memories is a precious legacy not only to personal friends, but to all who are striving to tread with equal steps the upward pathway. The following exceedingly graceful tribute will be recognized at once by many of our readers as a true characterization of a life which hardly needed "the changing of its sphere" to blend with the life above. (From "The Transcript.")

"IN MEMORIAM.

F. D. B.

I.

"To pass through life beloved as few are loved,
To prove the joys of earth as few have proved,
And still to keep the soul's white robe unstained,
Such is the victory that thou hast gained.

II.

"How few, like thine, the pilgrim feet that come
Unworn, unwounded to the heavenly home !
Yet he, who guides in sorrow's sorest need,
As well by pleasant paths his own may lead.

III.

"And love, that guards where wintry tempests beat,
To thee was shelter from the summer heat.
What need for grief to blight or ills annoy
The heart whose God was her exceeding joy ?

IV.

"And so that radiant path, all sweet and pure,
Found fitting close in perfect peace secure ;

No haste to go, no anxious wish to stay,
No childish terror of the untried way.

V.

“But, wrapped in trance of holy thought and prayer,
Yet full of human tenderness and care,
Undimmed its lustre and unchilled its love,
Thy spirit passed to cloudless light above.

VI.

“In the far north, where, over frosts and gloom,
The midnight skies with rosy brightness bloom,
There comes in all the year one day complete,
Wherein the sunset and the sunrise meet.

VII.

“So, in the region of thy fearless faith,
No hour of darkness marked the approach of death ;
But, ere the evening splendor was withdrawn,
Fair flushed the light along the hills of dawn.”

E. S.

SPIRITISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

“The Independent” makes a just distinction between Spiritism, which seeks intercourse with spirits by mechanical means, and Spiritualism, which involves not only a faith in immortality, but in the guardianship of angels, and the tokens of their presence which come in the orderly course of the Divine Providence. This faith is not new, nor is it confined to any sect, nor even to Christianity. It is a beautiful feature of nearly all the Great Religions. By confounding this with Spiritism, with its table-liftings, and lumping them together, the new sect is made to number five or six millions. By discriminating, it numbers probably only a few thousand people. That it may have its use as well as abuse we are not disposed to deny. That it runs into the grossest delusions, and palms off the emptiest bombast as divine revelations, is equally undeniable. Huxley thinks its chief use is to dissuade people from suicide, since, if people talk so like fools after they have crossed over, they had better stay on this side as long as possible.

THE FAITHFUL LITTLE MOURNER.

The body of Mary Stuart after her execution was taken from her weeping servants ; a green cloth, taken from an old billiard table, was thrown over it, and it was left alone and remained two days unwatched and unattended except by her little lap-dog, which would

not quit the body of its mistress. The faithful little mourner was found dead there two days afterwards beside the body, having died of grief. So much more of sorrow and humane sympathy was found in this little animal than in the heart of the Queen of England. May the society who have taken the protection of "our dumb animals" under their charge be faithful and efficient in their work, till the hearts of men shall be moved with a compassion and sympathy towards the animals, as tender as they often manifest towards us, the lords of creation. The incident above narrated is given by Mrs. Jameson, and it moved Bulwer to one of his most touching effusions.

"The world is full of life and love ;
The world methinks might spare
From millions, one to watch above
The dust of monarchs there.

"And not one human eye ! yet lo !
What stirs the funeral pall ?
What sound — it is not human woe —
Wails moaning through the hall ?"

CHRISTMAS IN 1821 AND IN 1871.

Fifty years have wrought a wonderful change in respect to holidays, and the change consists in popularizing the sacred days of the church, and especially those which commemorate the birth and the death and the resurrection of Christ. The celebration of these days has ceased to characterize two of the sects of Christendom. The days come round not only to all Christian denominations, but to multitudes of no denomination, as seasons of rejoicing, chastened by reverent homage. Is this accidental ? or is it merely a love of holiday pleasures and a desire to multiply them ? We think not. It is because the Ideas which these days commemorate are entering more joyfully and truthfully into the common mind and the common heart. It is because the religion of Christ in its benign and cheerful aspects is having a wider and deeper acknowledgment, and not one that is merely ecclesiastical. A more vital faith in immortality, and more rational views of the resurrection, inspire the rejoicings of Easter morning, and a growing conviction that all true knowledge leads to Christ like a guiding star gives a clearer and more triumphant tone to the ringing of the Christmas bells.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE METAPHORS OF ST. PAUL AND COMPANIONS OF ST. PAUL.

By John S. Howson, D.D. Boston: Hurd and Houghton, Riverside Press. 1872.

This book is published by the American Tract Society, and belongs to a class of English religious writings which are doing a great deal to make the Scriptures intelligible. It is pleasantly written. It contains all the knowledge that can bear upon the subject. It is very perfect in its way. If it does not take us very deeply into the mind and heart of the apostle, it brings us into pleasant and familiar intercourse with him and his companions.

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR ENGLISH PEOPLE. By Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, M.A., and J. R. Seeley, M.A. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We should be glad to have all our young people who desire a good education made familiar with these admirable lessons. They may here learn the meaning of words defined by usage or by derivation, the diction of poetry and of prose, faults in diction, metaphorical diction, metre, hints for composition in arrangement and selection, hints on some errors in reasoning, &c. All this has been prepared by two accomplished scholars.

FIRESIDE SCIENCE. A Series of Popular Scientific Essays connected with Every-day Life. By James R. Nichols, A.M., M.D.

These essays are written in a very agreeable style. They abound in information clearly stated on important practical subjects. They were originally read to a family group, and would make pleasant and useful reading for any home circle. Among the subjects are, "The Origin and Nature of Springs," "Rebreathed Air," "The Human Hair," "Chemistry of a Lump of Sugar," "What shall We use for Water-pipes?" "The Clothing We Wear," "Diamonds and Diamond Cutting." There are twenty-three essays, every one of which has its practical side. It is not a book got up to order, but contains the ripened fruit of thought and study.

THE WONDERS OF WATER. From the French of Gaston Tissandier. Edited, with numerous additions, by Schele De Vere,

D.D., LL.D., of the University of Virginia. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

This is a comprehensive treatise on "Water;" "The Ocean, its extent, depth, color, tides, currents, &c.;" "The System of Circulation, fogs, clouds, rivers, &c.;" "The Action of Water on Continents, its physical and chemical properties;" "Its uses, mineral waters, baths, public hygiene, artesian wells, analysis of various mineral waters in the United States." We are glad to see the multiplication of books of this class. This is very handsomely got up, and makes one volume of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," filled with curious and useful knowledge.

THE BREMEN LECTURES, on Fundamental, Living, Religious Questions. By various eminent European divines. Translated from the original German by Rev. D. Heagle. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

These lectures, from an orthodox stand-point, are by very able men, and may be studied with profit by any theologian; for even where they may not satisfy us they furnish materials for thought, and suggestions which may help us upward to higher points of view. The lecture on "Miracles," by Rev. M. Fuchs, and that on "The Authenticity of our Gospels," by Constantine Tischendorf, have impressed us as very satisfactory.

THE INCARNATION, and Principles of Evidence. A Theological Essay. By Richard Holt Hutton, M.A. With an Introduction by Samuel Osgood, D.D. New York: Pott & Amerag.

This essay is introduced by a thoughtful, scholarly, modest, and gracefully written preface by our old friend, Rev. Dr. Osgood. We have read them with care. We recognize the catholic spirit which pervades them both, with the exception perhaps of a slight assumption of superiority on the part of the English writer. We do not find that the essay contains anything new or striking. We cannot put ourselves into an attitude of mind which makes the peculiar doctrines of the essay in any wise necessary to us. The wants of the soul craving this peculiar manifestation to us of the divine nature have no place in our mental constitution. It is enough for us that God is speaking to us through Christ, manifesting his love and mercy and truth to us through him as a mediator, and so drawing us into sympathy and union with himself. This view of the Incarnation, the mind and heart of Jesus so perfectly in harmony with

the will of God that what he did and said is to us the mind and the will of God, seems to us better than any other to fulfill the conditions of the New-Testament teachings, and to meet the wants and necessities of our intellectual and spiritual nature. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement, while they may seem to have some slight ground of reality to stand upon in the Scriptures and in human nature, seem to us to have a forensic or unreal character, as if they had been made up with great skill to meet a deep-seated propensity in man to find out some vicarious substitute for the self-devotion, the self-sacrifice, and the personal and spiritual worship which Christ demands of us. They seem to us a substitute for the vital, spiritual Christianity of the Gospels, rather than Christianity itself. And they seem to us to appeal to feelings partly imaginary or factitious rather than to the great, essential, deeply-rooted wants and convictions of our nature.

THE AUGUST STORIES. AUGUST AND ELVIE. By Jacob Abbot. New York: Dodd & Mead.

A merchant in New York does not know what to do with his son, a half-invalid boy about eight years old. He sends him to an intelligent lady in the country, who engages a model boy a few years older than himself to be with him every afternoon, and to initiate him into such country amusements and pursuits as are fitted to a boy of that age. In this way the merchant's son spends some months most advantageously in the country, and returns home late in the autumn renewed in health and spirits and the faculty of taking care of himself. The details are carried out in Mr. Abbot's plain and (to boys) interesting way. Important ideas are suggested. But, after all, is there not something unnatural and unwholesome in the absorptions of mercantile life which so separate the father from his son, and shut him out so entirely from the joy and improvement of associating and sympathizing with him.

CUES FROM ALL QUARTERS; or, The Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

One of those quiet, meditative books which it is equally pleasant to have by us in our winter retirement and our summer rambles. It treats of a large variety of subjects, and draws its interesting and often beautiful illustrations from many authors. It may furnish thoughts that lead to thinking, and suggestions which may stay in the mind and make apparent solitude a blessing.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This poem bears unmistakable marks of its authorship. The artistic skill of the most artistic poetical genius of the age, the fine sense of moral beauty and of the secret ruin that finds its way in everywhere when the moral integrity is ever so little impaired, the taste and the power, by which the English laureate has been so long distinguished, are all here. And yet the poem is so painful in its subject and its treatment that we shall be glad to have it in its subordinate place among "The Idylls of the King" rather than in a volume by itself. There it will add to the grand solemnity and impressiveness of the remarkable poem, or series of poems, to which it belongs.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

We have read this poem with unmixed satisfaction and enjoyment. Our sense of harmony, of poetic beauty, of religious propriety and fitness, our sentiment of Christian love and reverence, and our faith in what is divine, are all touched and heightened by it. It is the story of the Gospels, almost in the exact words to which we are accustomed, and yet by slight omissions and slighter variations, with a few remarks not recorded in the Gospel narratives, the wonderful story comes to us with new interest, awakens new emotions, and fills us anew with loving admiration and reverence. It leaves us stronger and better than it found us,—more hopeful, with clearer intuitions of the divine life, with deeper convictions and a truer sense of the living power and presence of God. In this respect, the contrast to Tennyson's poem is a great and happy relief.

MEMORIAL OF THE CHURCH IN BRATTLE SQUARE.

It is late in the day to speak of this very interesting pamphlet and the services to which it relates. The last day of public worship and religious instruction in the old historic church of Brattle Square was commemorated by a sermon which is entirely worthy of the occasion, and which will be itself a monument of the occasion which it commemorates. In addition to the account of the last services in the old church, the pamphlet contains an account of the services at the laying of the corner-stone of the new church. It is sad to think that of the prominent members of the parish who



were most interested in these services four have already been taken away.

AUNT MADGE'S STORY. By Sophie May, author of "Little Prudie Stories." Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a very charming book, and one which we gladly commend both to parents and children. It is natural, life-like, and points out with great skill the Christian and effective method of dealing with a wayward child. It is very entertaining.

THE YOUNG DODGE CLUB. AMONG THE BRIGANDS. By Prof. James De Mille. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A book of boy adventures in Italy, with sketches of scenery and society and the old Italian towns.

RUBY DUKE. By Mrs. H. K. Potwin. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This book is evidently written for the purpose of teaching a lesson, and, as is often the case with books of this class, the moral and the story neutralize each other.

THE NEW YEAR'S BARGAIN. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a collection of the most charming original fairy stories that we remember to have seen for a long time.

THE TURNING WHEEL. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a book for boys, and a good one of its kind. We would suggest, however, that it would be better if the hero, whose chief merit seems to be his respect for a poor old man, were to give part of that respect to his invalid aunt.

A NEW SERIES OF BOOKS is to be published by Charles Scribner & Co., under the title of "Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure." The "Library of Wonders," by the same firm, is nearly completed, and has been every way a decided success. The new series is to be edited by Bayard Taylor,—a name which will be a sufficient pledge that the work will be well done. The first volume is now issued,—*JAPAN IN OUR DAY*. It is copiously illustrated, and its style of print, paper, and binding a luxury to the eye, and especially to weak eyes. The history, the scenery, the manners, and religious customs and literature of these singular people are all depicted, making a very attractive volume of two hundred

and eighty pages. The "Illustrated Library of Travel" will furnish reading both charming and instructive.

LEE & SHEPARD publish two very pretty books for the little folks,—THE MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEAKER, being a collection of dialogues, addresses, and miscellaneous pieces for exhibitions, monthly concerts, anniversaries, &c., by Anna Moore; also, LITTLE PIECES FOR LITTLE SPEAKERS, a collection of poetry designed to assist parents and teachers in preparing for exhibitions, by Miss S. M. Priest. The little folks will find apt selections from these volumes. But the first named, while it contains milk for babes, has also too much milk and water along with it.

SING-SONG, a nursery rhyme book, by Christina G. Rossetti, will keep the babies' good natured for hours, both on account of the rhymes and the pictures. It has one hundred and twenty illustrations by Arthur Hughes. They are queer, fanciful, and funny, and some of the rhymes are equal to Mother Goose. The book is elegantly bound and gilt. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

AUNT JOE'S SCRAP BAG, by Louisa M. Alcott, is another book for the children. Some children nearly grown up will enjoy these lively sketches, into which the author infuses a tinge of humor. Fourteen stories, with two queer pictures as a frontispiece, make up a very pretty volume of two hundred and fifteen pages, which may be used to cultivate good nature in all the little people. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES in various parts of the world, is another volume of the "Wonder Series" in course of publication by Chas. Scribner & Co. It is selected from the narratives of celebrated travelers, with an introduction and addition by J. T. Headley, and forms one of the most attractive of this attractive series. It has forty-one illustrations.

THE AMERICAN CARDINAL. A Novel. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This book deals with large subjects,—the war of the Rebellion and the power of the Roman-Catholic Church. In both cases, the sympathies of the author seem to be on the right side, and there are some touching passages; but there is too much material for a one-volume novel, and the scene is changed too often to give the sense of reality which is the chief charm of fiction.